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IN

READING AND SPEAKING.

CALCULATED TO

IMPROVE THE MINDS AND REFINE THE TASTE OF YOUTH.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

Rules in Elocution,

AND

DIRECTIONS FOR EXPRESSING THE PRINCIPAL PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

By NOAH WEBSTER, Esq.

FOURTH EDITION.

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but *great* minds have but *little* admiration, because *few* things appear *new* to them.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The *failings* of good men are commonly more published in the world than their *good deeds*; and *one fault* of a deserving man will meet with more *reproaches*, than all his *virtues, praise:* Such is the force of ill will, and ill nature.

It is harder to *avoid censure*, than to *gain applause;* for this may be done by *one* great or wise action in an age; but to *escape censure*, a man must pass his *whole life*, without saying or doing *one* ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered; The earth cannot bear two Suns, nor Asia two Kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers that Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander, I would except them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

An old age unsupported with matter for discourse and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanted to happiness. In youth, we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence; and great designs, which are defeated by experience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: Whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him; a new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he hath, that he should do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he hath, that he should speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honor thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother. How canst thou recompence them the things which they have done for thee?

There is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labor, and to be contented with what a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be not confident even in a plain way.

Be in peace with *many*; nevertheless, have but *one* councellor of a thousand.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel, before every action.

CHAP. VI.

THE *latter* part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the *former*.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at *present*, but are providing to live *another time*.

Party is the madness of *many*—for the gain of a *few*.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn *any thing*; for this reason, because they understand every thing *too soon*.

Whilst an author is yet *living*, we estimate his powers by the *worst* performance; when he is *dead*, we rate them by his *best*.

Men are *grateful*, in the *same* degree that they are *resentful*.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloke of honor covers all their faults, as that of passion, all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better *living on a little*, than *out living a great deal*.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the *prosperity* of an *honest* man, I am best pleased with the *confusion* of a *rascal*.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

To endeavor all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armor, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives to the persons who possess it, by the partiality it excites in their favor.

The difference there is betwixt *honor* and *honesty* seems to be chiefly in the *motive*. The *honest* man does that from *duty*, which the *man of honor* does for the sake of character.

A liar *begins* with making *falsehood* appear like *truth* and *ends* with making *truth* itself appear like *falsehood*.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meaning in discourse, as we should puns, bad language or false grammar.

The *higher character* a person supports, the *more* he should regard his *minutest* actions.

years ago, I lost here twelve thousand livers. Perrin listened with attention. What search made you for them? said he. It was not in my power, replied the stranger, to make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail.

9. Next morning Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion. He looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children.

10. Where am I? cried he—and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low! Have you any other land but this farm? No, replied Perrin—but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here.—Your honesty deserves a better recompense, answered the stranger. My success in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune, keep it as your own.

11. What man in the world would have acted like Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said he, "kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can now enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded; let those who desire the reward, practice the virtue.

CHAP. XI.

Character of a Young Lady.

1. SOPHIA is not a beauty, but in her presence, beauties are discontented with themselves. At first she scarcely appears pretty; but the more she is beheld, the more agreeable she appears. She gains when others lose, and what she gains she never loses. She is equalled by none in a sweet expression of countenance; and without dazzling beholders, she interests them.

2. She loves dress, and is a good judge of it; despises finery, but dresses with peculiar grace, mixing a simplicity with elegance. Ignorant she is of what colors are in fashion; but knows well what suits her complexion. She cor-

ers her beauties; but so slightly or rather artfully, as to give play to the imagination. She prepares herself for managing a family of her own, by managing that of her father.

3. Cookery is familiar to her, with the price and quality of provisions; and she is a ready accountant. Her chief view, however, is to serve her mother and lighten her cares. She holds cleanliness and neetness to be indispensable in a woman; and that a slattern is disgusting, especially if beautiful.

4. The attention given to externals, does not make her overlook her more material duties. Sophia's understanding is solid without being profound. Her sensibility is too great for a perfect equality of temper; but her sweetness renders that inequality harmless. A harsh word does not make her angry; but her heart swells, and she retires to disburden it by weeping.

5. Recalled by her father and mother, she comes at the instant, wiping her eyes and appearing cheerful. She suffers with patience any wrong done her; but is impatient to repair any wrong she has done, and does it so cordially as to make it appear meritorious. If she happens to disoblige a companion, her joy and caresses, when restored to favor, shew the burden that lay upon her good heart.

6. The love of virtue is Sophia's ruling passion. She loves it, because no other thing is so lovely: She loves it because it is the glory of the female sex: She loves it as the only road to happiness, misery being the sure attendant of a woman without virtue. She loves it, as dear to her respectable father and tender mother. These sentiments inspire her with a degree of enthusiasm, that elevates her soul, and subdues every irregular appetite.

7. Of the absent she never talks but with circumspection, of her female acquaintance especially. She has remarked, that what renders women prone to detraction, is talking of their own sex; and that they are more equitable with respect to the men. Sophia therefore never talks of women, but to express the good she knows of them: Of others she says nothing.

8. Without much knowledge of the world, she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does. A good disposition does much more for her than art does for others. She possesses a degree of politeness which, void of ceremony, proceeds from a desire to please, and which consequently never fails to please.

CHAP. XII.

MODESTY, DOUBT, AND TENDER AFFECTION.

AGATHOCLES AND CALISTA.

1. CALISTA was young and beautiful, endowed with a great share of wit and solid sense. Agathocles, whose age very little exceeded hers, was well made, brave, and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Calista's, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, soon distinguished and fixed upon her.

2. But recovering from the short ecstacy occasioned by the first sight, he immediately reproached himself as being guilty of rudeness to the rest of the company; a fault which he had endeavoured to correct, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempts! They were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Calista. He blushed as well as she, while a sweet emotion, till then unfelt, produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confusion in his countenance.

3. They both became at the same time more timid and more curious. He was pleased with gazing at Calista, which he could not do without trembling; whilst Calista, secretly satisfied with this flattering preference, cast her eyes on him by stealth. They were both under an apprehension, but especially Calista, of being caught by the other in the fact—and yet caught they were almost every moment.

4. The hour of separation came, which to them appeared too sudden: Melancholy were the reflections they made on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not permit them to be entirely absent from each other; for the image of Calista was deeply engraved on the mind of Agathocles, and *his* features were strongly impressed on that of Calista. They both appeared less cheerful the rest of the day. A lively sentiment, which they did not well comprehend themselves, entirely employed their minds in spite of every attempt to divert themselves.

Two days passed without seeing one another again; an tho this interval of time had been filled up either by bu ness or recreations, yet they both notwithstanding, ex rienced a weariness and dissatisfaction in their minds, fo which they could no way account. But the moment w 'n brought them together again explained it to them:

The perfect contentment they felt in each other's company, made them sensible of the real source of their melancholy.

6. Agathocles took more courage that day: He addressed Calista in a most obliging manner, and had the happiness to converse with her for the first time. As yet he had seen only her outward charms; but now he discovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her sentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what charmed him the most, was the opinion he conceived that she did not judge him unworthy of her esteem.

7. From this time he made her frequent visits; in every one of which he discovered some new perfection in the fair Calista. This is the characteristic of true merit; it gains by being exposed to the eye of a judicious person. A man of sense will soon dislike a coquet, a fool, or a giddy woman: But if he falls in love with a woman of merit, time, far from weakening, will only strengthen and augment his passion.

8. The fixed inclination of Agathocles convinced him now, that what he felt for Calista, was love, and that of the most tender nature. This he knew; but Calista did not as yet know it, or at least had not learnt it from his lips. Love is timerous and diffident. A bold suitor is not the real lover of the lady whom he addresses: He seeks for nothing but pleasure.

9. Agathocles at last resolved to open his heart to Calista; but he did not do it in the affected language of a romantic passion. "Lovely Calista" said he ingenuously, "it is not mere esteem that binds me to you, but a most passionate and tender love. I feel that I cannot live without you; Can you without violence to your inclinations, consent to make me happy? I may love you without offense; 'tis a tribute due to your merit: But may I flatter myself with the hopes of some small return?"

10. A coquet would have affected to be displeased at such a declaration. But Calista not only listened to her lover without interrupting him, but answered him without ill-nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did she put his constancy to a tedious trial; the happiness for which he sighed was no longer delayed than was necessary to prepare the ceremony.

11. The marriage settlements were easily regulated 'twixt the parties; for interest was out of the question:

The chief article consisted in the mutual exchange of hearts, which was already fulfilled. What will be the lot of the new married couple? The happiest, I may venture to foretel, that mortals can enjoy upon earth.

12. No pleasures are comparable to those that affect the heart, and there are none, as I have observed before, that affect it with such exquisite delight, as loving and being loved. To this tender union we can never apply the words of Democritus, that *the pleasure of love is but a short epilepsy.* He meant without doubt mere sensual pleasure, which has so little in it of the nature of love that a man may enjoy it without loving, and love without ever enjoying it.

13. They will be constant in their love. This I dare also to predict; and I know the reason. Their affection is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty; they are both the friends of virtue; they love each other on this account. They will therefore, continue to love as long as they are virtuous—and their union itself is a pledge of their perseverance—for nothing so much secures our continuance in the paths of virtue, as to have perpetually before our eyes the example of a person whom we love.

14. Nothing is capable of disturbing their happiness, but those disasters and misfortunes from which their love cannot shelter them. But supposing such a reverse of fortune, would not their fate in this respect be common with that of the rest of mankind? Those who have never tasted the pleasures of love, are not exempt from the like casualties; and the lover is at least a gainer in regard to those pleasures which constitute no small part of the happiness of life.

15. Besides, even love itself will greatly diminish the sense of their misfortunes. For love has the peculiar property of alleviating the sufferings of two fond hearts, and of rendering their pleasures more exquisit. By this communication of distress, they seem to divide its weight; and on the contrary, by participation, their satisfaction is doubled.

16. As a squadron of horse is with greater difficulty broken thro by the enemy, in proportion to its closeness: so the happy pair resist the attacks of adversity with so much the more strength and success, as they are the more closely united.

CHAP. XIII.

SORROW, PIETY, DEVOTION, FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

1. MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France.—Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in his retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

2. Perhaps in the structure of such a mind, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation.

3. Hence the idea that philosophy and unfeelingness are united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

4. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a house-keeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country; and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal:

5. That she had been sent for as having some knowledge of medicin, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much affected by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.

6. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas, it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his

governant to the sick man's apartment. It was the
in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one not
standing. Our philosopher was obliged to stoop a
entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were
joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.

7. On a flock bed at one end lay the old man who
came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She
dressed in a clean white bed gown; her dark locks
loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the lan
looks of her father. The philosopher and his ho
keeper had stood some moments in the room, without
young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

8. Mademoiselle! said the old woman at last, in a
tone. She turned and shewed one of the finest face
the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow;
when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman
introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle
emonial of native politeness, which the affliction o
time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a
ment, and changed its expression. It was sweetness
however, and our philosopher felt it strongly.

9. It was not a time for words; he offered his servi
a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill h
said the governant; "if he could possibly be removed
where." "If he could be moved to our house," said
master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there w
great room unoccupied, next to the governant's. It
contrived accordingly.

10. The scruples of the stranger, who could look
ples, though he could not speak them, were overcom
the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to he
lief of its use to her father. The sick man was wr
in blankets and carried across the street to the E
gentleman's. The old woman helped the daugh
nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon
prescribed a little, and nature did much for him
week he was able to thank his benefactor.

11. By that time his host had learned the nam
character of his guest. He was a protestant and
man of *Switzerland* called *La Roche*, a widower, wh
lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering
for which travelling had been prescribed; and wa
returning home after an ineffectual journey, with h
ly child, the daughter we have mentioned.

12. He was a devout man, as became his profession.—He possessed devotion in all its warmth; but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, who are called devout, sometimes indulge. The philosopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governant joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.

13. The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a christian, but he is the best of unbelievers."—"Not a christian!" exclaimed Mademoiselle *La Roche*, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a christian.

14. "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence there are opposers of christianity among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But this philosopher," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a christian before he dies."

15. She was interupted by the arrival of their landlord—He took her hand with an air of kindness—she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good *La Roche*, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I should not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good."

16. "Alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (clasping the philosopher's hand) but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment. My heart dilates with gratitude and love to him. It is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapbation, but with horror."

17. "You say right my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I was never in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road, for as I was your first physician I hold myself responsible for your cure."

18. *La Roche's* eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord; not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him. Their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings—hatred never dwelt with them.

19. They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The parties had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man.

20. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy and religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse.—When his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness; and without the least show of dogmatism.

21. On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guiless manners of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones.—Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle *La Roche*; and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

22. After a journey of eleven days they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those vallies in the Canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.

23. A stream that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water fall was seen through the woods that covered its sides. Below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche's* church, rising above a clump of beeches.

24. The philosopher enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

25. They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* parishoners who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere, in their professions of friendship. They made some attemps at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

26. It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heared to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who came to welcome their pastor turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise. This is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishoners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books which may afford you some entertainment within."

27. "By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said *La Roche*; "our neighborhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ, fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "It is an additional inducement," replied the other, and they walked into the room together.

28. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. The philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music. This fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauties being unexpected.

29. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which, such of the audience as could sing, immediately joined. The words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just; of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused—it ceased—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle was heard in its stead.

30. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to prayer. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faultered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishoners caught the ardor of the good old man, even the philospher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

31. *La Roche's* religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse to disputation; their discourse did not therefore lead to questions concerning the belief of either: yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the feelings of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it.

32. The ideas of his God and his Savior, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervor of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our father who art in heaven?" might the good old man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

33. "You regret, my friend," said he, to the philoso-
her, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisit
leasure derived from music; you regret your want of
usical powers and musical feelings; it is a department
f soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you,
hich from the effects you see it have on others, you are
ire it must be highly delightful.

34. "Why should not the same thing be said of reli-
ion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy,
n inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings
f sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from
essening my relish of the pleasures of life, that I feel
heightens them all.

35. "The thought of receiving it from God, adds the
lessing of sentiment to that of sensation, in every good
hing which I possess; and when calamities overtake me,
nd I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my af-
iction, and so lifts me above the world. Man, I know,
s but a worm, yet methinks I am allied to God!" It would
ave been inhuman in our philosopher to cloud, even with
doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

36. His discourse, indeed, was very remote from meta-
hysical disquisition or religious controversy. Of all men
ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinc-
ured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With *La-
Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar.

37. The country round them, the manners of the village,
he comparison of both with those of England, remarks on
he work of favorite authors, on the sentiments they con-
eyed, and the passions they excited, with many other
opics, in which there was an equality, or alternate advan-
age, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked of.

38. Their hours too of riding and walking were many,
n which the philosopher, as a stranger, was shewn the re-
narkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They
vould sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate,
n different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the
liffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes
hooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of
nost of the Swiss prospects.

39. Our philosopher asked many questions, as to their
natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the
sublimity of the ideas, which the view of their stupendous

summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which, said he, naturally leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. "They are not seen in Flanders;" said Mademoiselle, with a sigh.—"That is an odd remark," said the philosopher, smiling. She blushed, and he enquired no farther.*

40. It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he would travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

41. About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit to Geneva; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together.

42. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either of them for several months past. The truth was that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former.

43. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence.

44. It contained a gentle complaint of the philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices, and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father, of the most noble disposition, and respectable character.

45. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments

* The philosopher was a resident in Flanders, and a sceptic. The reproof of his infidelity is inimitably delicate. In short, this whole story is a beatiful satire on deism, bigotry, and metaphysical theology while it paints unaffected virtue, benevolence, and piety, in the most engaging manner.

of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands and see them happy.

46. Our philosoper felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle *La Roche's* marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's forever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.

47. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable; and determined on his visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

48. On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighborhood of *La Roche's* dwelling.

49. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmering through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was.

50. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot to find it to be the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others who like him, seemed to have been employed in the rights of sepulture.

51. On the philosopher's making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "then you know not Mademoiselle, sir! you never beheld a lovelier."—"*La Roche!*" exclaimed he, in reply—"alas it was she indeed!" The appearance of

grief and surprise which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.

52. He came up close to the philosopher—"I perceive you are acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche*," "Acquained with her! Indeed I was! When, how, where did she die? Where is her father?" "She died, sir, of the heart break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to be married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favors.

53. "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a christian should. He is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishoners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

54. The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere.—*La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him, threw a light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of his age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

55. The music ceased—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The philosopher was not less affected than they. *La Roche* arose. "Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a priviledge it is! Well saith the sacred book, Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.

56. "When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God.—It is only from a belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in a manner which becomes a man.

57. "Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without

which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot.

58. "I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears: not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

59. "You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but grateful to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous and happy: Ye who are parents will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.

60. "Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are *life* and *death*; on whose power awaits all that the *first* enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the *last* can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth; that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness as endless as it is perfect.

61. "Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: But a little while and we shall meet again never to be separated. But ye are also my children. Would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death shall come, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

62. Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. The philosopher followed him to his house.

63. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms around his neck, and watered it with his

tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlor, where the evening service was wont to be performed.

64. The curtains of the organ was opened; *La Roche* started back at the sight—"Oh my friend," said he, and his tears burst forth again. The philosopher had now recollected himself; he stept forward and drew the curtain close. The old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend by the hand, "you see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."

65. "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoiced that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

66. The philosopher's heart was smitten; and I heard him long after confess, that there were moments, when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery and the pride of literary fame, he called to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wished that he had never doubted.

Funeral of General Fraser, near Saratoga—related by General Burgoyne.

1. ABOUT sunset the corpse of General Fraser was bro't up the hill, attended only by the officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies.

2, General Phillips, General Reidesel and myself, who were standing together were struck with the humility of the procession; They who were ignorant that privacy had been requested by General Fraser, might ascribe it to neglect.

3. We could neither endure that reflection, nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attention to his remains. We joined the procession and were witnesses of the affecting scene that ensued.

4. The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice of the chaplain who

officiated, tho frequently covered with dust from the shot which the American artillery threw around us; the mute, but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life on the minds of every man who was present.

5. The growing duskiness of the evening added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited.

6. To the canvass and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory.

STORY OF LADY HARRIET ACKLAND, BY GEN. BURGOYNE.

1. LADY Harriet Ackland had accompanied her husband to Canada in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign, she traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend in a poor hut at Chamblee, upon his sick bed.

2. In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained, by the positive injunctions of her husband, from offering herself to share of the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga. The day after the conquest of that place, he was badly wounded, and she crossed the Lake Champlain to join him.

3. As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes thro' the campaign, and at Fort Edward or the next camp, obtained a two-wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carraige used for the mail upon the great roads in England.

4. Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers, who were attached to general Fraser's body of the army, and consequently were always the most advanced post. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of his clothes.

5. In one of these situations, a tent in which the Major and his lady were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly sergeant of the grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It proved to be the Major.

more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, whilst some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour, So equally balanced and so obstinate was the fight!

11. At one moment, while the battle swerved in favor of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have despatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head—or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's bredth distance from the mark.

12. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French bas-officer (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it; it missed fire—ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war.

13. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honor or of nature; deaf to their voice and dead to sensibility, he violently and repeatedly pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the but of his piece.—After this dastardly deed he left him.

14. At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman, seconded by the persevering valor of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master.

15. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord.

16. After he had marched through no pleasant path in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the re-

ty who were excessively fatigued, halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched that the blood dropped fast from them.

17. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance, he entreated the Irish Interpreter to implore, as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands.

18. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of moccasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

19. That savage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place were the whole were, that night, to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom (besides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk in his left cheek.

20. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive.—For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle round him.

21. They accompanied their labors, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. They then set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until at last the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached.

22. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances and gesticulations.—

He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution and composed his mind as far as the circumstances could admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear.

23. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang, but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure.

24. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed trough the croud, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Mokang himself—to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings.

25. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal powwas he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

26. The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more human savage soaked some of the buiscuit in water and made him suck the pulp-like part.

27. Determined, however, not to lose his captive, (the refreshment being finished) he took the moccasions from his feet and tied them to one of his wrists; then directing him to lie down on his back on the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings.

28. Then a number of tall but slender poles were cut down; which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot; on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning.

29. During the night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling when he reflected on this ludicrous group for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

30. The next day he was allowed his blanket and moccasons and permitted to march without carrying any packs or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given him, which he sucked through his teeth. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard.

31. The savages who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took every opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer him violence or personal indignity.

32. After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

The faithful American Dog.

1. An officer in the late American army, on his station at the westard, went out in the morning with his dog and gun, in quest of game. Venturing too far from the garrison, he was fired upon by an Indian who was lurking in the bushes, and instsntly fell to the ground.

2. The Indian running to him, struck him on the head with his tomahawk, in order to despatch him; but the button of his hat fortunately warding off the edge, he was only stunned by the blow. With savage brutality he applied the scalping knife, and hastened away with this trophy of his horrid cruelty, leaving the officer for dead, and none to relieve and console him but his faithful dog.

3. The afflicted creature gave every expression of his attachment, fidelity and affection. He licked the wounds with inexpressible tenderness, and mourned the fate of his beloved master. Having performed every office which sympathy dictated or sagacity could invent, without being able to remove his master from the fatal spot, or procure from him any signs of life, or his wonted expressions of affection to him, he ran off in quest of help.

4. Bending his course towards the river, where two men were fishing, he urged them by all the powers of native rhetoric to accompany him to the woods. The men were suspicious of a decoy to an ambuscade, and durst not venture to follow the dog; who finding all his caresses fail, returned to the care of his master; and, licking his wounds a second time, renewed all his tenderness; but with no better success than before.

5. Again he returned to the men; once more to try his skill in alluring them to his assistance. In this attempt he was more successful than in the other. The men seeing his solicitude, began to think the dog might have discovered some valuable game, and determined to hazard the consequences of following him.

6. Transported with his success, the affectionate creature hurried them along by every expression of ardor. Presently they arrived at the spot, where behold—an officer wounded, scalped, weltering in his gore, and faint with the loss of blood.

7. Suffice it to say he was yet alive. They carried him to the fort, where the first dressings were performed. A suppuration immediately took place, and he was conveyed to the hospital at Albany, where in a few weeks he entirely recovered, and was able to return to his duty.

8. This worthy officer owed his life, probably to the fidelity of this sagacious dog. His tongue, which the gentleman afterwards declared gave him the most exquisite pleasure, clarified the wound in the most effectual manner, and his perseverance brought that assistance, without which he must soon have perished.

9. "My dog the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray."

Volcanoes of Iceland.

Abridged from the Encyclopedia.

1. ICELAND is noted for Volcanoes, which seem to be more furious there than in any other part of the world. They begin with a subterranean rumbling noise, with a roaring and cracking in the place from whence the fire is to burst forth. Fiery meteors also precede the eruption of fire; and sometimes shocks of earthquake.

2. The drying up of small lakes, streams, and rivulets, is also considered as a sign of an approaching eruption ; but the immediate forerunner is the bursting of the mass of ice on the mountains. Flames then issue from the earth, and lightning and fire-balls from the smoke, and stones and ashes are thrown to a vast distance. In 1755, a stone of 290 pounds weight was thrown 24 miles.

3. The most tremendous eruption ever known was in 1783. Its first sign was perceived on the first of June, by a trembling of the earth in the western part of the province of Shapterfall ; it continued and increased till the 11th day, when the inhabitants quitted their houses and lay in tents. A continual smoke was seen to rise out of the earth in the northern part of the island, and three fire spouts broke forth in different places.

4. These spouts of fire ascended to a vast height, so as to be visible at the distance of 200 miles. Immense quantities of ashes, sand, and other substances were cast up and spread over the country. The atmosphere was so filled with them, as to be rendered dark, and great damage was done by the pumice stones which fell red hot in large quantities.

5. The shower continued for many days. The fire sometimes appeared in a continual stream, and sometimes in flashes, with a noise like thunder, which lasted the whole summer. At the same time fell vast quantities of rain, impregnated with acid and salts, which corroded the face and hands of the people ; in other places there fell showers of hail which did much damage. In places near the fire, the grass and every green thing was destroyed, being covered with a crust of sulphurous and sooty matter.

6. Such thick vapors were raised by this conflict of adverse elements, that the sun was obscured and appeared like blood : and the whole face of nature seemed to be changed. This dreadful scene lasted several days, and the whole country was laid waste. The inhabitants fled to the utmost parts of the island to escape the terrible conflagration.

7. On the first eruption of fire, the river Skapta was considerably augmented, but on the 11th day the waters were dried up. The next day, a prodigious stream of red hot lava was discharged from the earth and ran down the channel which the river had left, and overflowing the banks rose to a great height, & spread desolation over the whole adjacent country.

8. The fiery stream then ascended the channel, and

mounting high, it destroyed the village of Rutland, though situated on a hill, consuming the houses and every thing that stood in its way. It spread till it had converted a tract of 36 miles of country into a sea of fire. It then changed its course to the south, and after filling the channel of the Skapta for six miles, it burst upon a wide plain carrying flaming wood on its surface, and overwhelming the earth with torrents of liquid fire.

9. It continued thus to spread from June 12 to August 13, when it ceased to extend itself, but continued to burn. When any part of the surface acquired a crust by cooling, it was soon broken by the mass of fire below, and then tumbling among the melted substance, it was tossed about with prodigious noise and crackling, and small spouts of fire were continually shooting into the air.

10. When it had left the channel of the Skapta, this mass of fire was 400 feet in depth. It ran in every direction where it could find a vent, and destroyed a number of villages. In one place it came to a cataract of the river, of 14 fathoms high, where it fell with a tremendous noise and terrible convulsions. In another it stopped up the channel of a river, filled a large valley, and destroyed two villages, tho' it approached no nearer than 600 feet.

11. Other villages were inundated by the waters of rivers driven from their channels by the fiery torrent. At last, having filled all the vallies to the south, it changed its course to the north, and spread over a tract of country 48 miles in length and 36 in bredth. It dried up several rivers, and formed lakes of fire. At last on the 16th of August the eruption ceased.

12. The whole extent of ground on three sides covered by this dreadful inundation, was computed to be 90 miles long and 24 broad; and the depth of the lava from 100 to 120 feet. Twelve rivers were dried up—20 villages destroyed, and a considerable number of people. The extent of ground covered on the north was not ascertained.—Some hills were melted down—others covered, and the whole had the appearance of a sea of red hot melted metal.

13. After this eruption, two new islands rose from the sea. One in February, 1784, rose about 100 miles southwest of Iceland. It was about 3 miles in circumference, and a mile in height. It burnt with great violence, sending forth prodigious quantities of sand and pumice stones. Both Islands have since disappeared.

General Washington's Resignation.

Mr. President,

1. THE great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

2. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction, the appointment I accepted with diffidence —a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which however, was superceded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

3. The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

4. While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings, not to acknowledge, in this place, the particular services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war.

5. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, Sir, to recommend, in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

6. I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendance of them, to his holy keeping.

7. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action: and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

G. WASHINGTON.

December 23, 1783.

Singular Instance of Patriotism.

1. EDWARD, the third, king of England, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence.

2. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts, nightly raised, erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

3. France had now put her sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, set down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.—The English made their approaches and attacks without remission, but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

4. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms.—After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their half starved cattle, they tore up old foundations of rubbish, in search of vermin; they fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens: and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

5. In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth: the English joined battle, and, after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

6. On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Eustace soon found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he would permit them to depart with life and liberty.

7. As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree against these people, whose sole valor had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

8. He answered by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and notable sovereign: that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the Plebians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the common people.

9. All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with throbbing hearts the sentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every face, each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? Whom had they to deliver up, save parents, brothers, kindred or valient neighbors, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence?

10. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace Saint Pierre, ascending a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends and fellow-citizens, you see the condition to which we are reduced; we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery."

11. "We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It does not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal —he would make us contemptible: he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety."

12. "Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the ax, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death; that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction?"

13. "You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honor, humanity, make such a treason impossible. Where, then, is our resource? Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other?"

14. "There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any hero to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people. He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

15. He spoke, but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for his example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length Saint Pierre resumed.

16. "It had been base in me, my fellow-citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion; for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of reputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits."

17. "Indeed, the station to which the captivity of count Vienne, has unhappily raised me, imports a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely: I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?" "Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child! (cried St. Pierre) I am then twice sacrificed.—But no—I have rather begotten thee a second time: thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality."

18. "Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes"——"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire! "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant! "Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant! "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Manny, bursting into tears, "why was I not a citizen of Calais?"

19. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were

then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners, into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, thro' the camp of the English.

20. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers—What a parting! what a scene! they crouded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard through the camp.

21. At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed.

22. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily tied about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter.

23. As soon as they had reached the royal presence, "Mauny," says the king, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais: They are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

24. "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

25. The king, who was highly incensed at the length and difficulty of the siege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution: nor could all the remonstrances and entreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpose. But what neither a regard to his own interest and honor, what neither the dictates of justice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accomplished by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection.

26. The queen who was then pregnant, being informed of the particulars respecting the six victims, flew into her husband's presence, threw herself on her knees before him, and with tears in her eyes besought him not to stain his character with an indelible mark of infamy, by committing such a horrid and barbarous deed.

27. Edward could refuse nothing to a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and especially in her condition; and the queen not satisfied with having saved the lives of the six burghers, conducted them to her tent, where she applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repast and having made them a present of money and clothes, sent them back to their fellow-citizens.

Extract from Dr. Belknap's Address to the Inhabitants of New-Hampshire, at the close of his History of that State.

Citizens of New-Hampshire,

1. HAVING spent above twenty years of my life with you, and passed thro various scenes of peace and war within that time; being personally acquainted with many of you, both in your public and private characters; and having an earnest desire to promote your true interest, I trust you will not think me altogether unqualified to give you a few hints by way of advice.

2. You are certainly a rising state; your numbers are rapidly increasing; and your importance in the political scale will be augmented in proportion to your improving the natural advantages which your situation affords you, and to your cultivating the intellectual and moral powers of yourselves and your children.

3. The first article on which I would open my mind to you is that of *Education.* Nature has been as bountiful to you as to any other people, in giving your children genius and capacity; it is then your duty and your interest to cultivate their capacities, and render them serviceable to themselves and the community.

4 It was the saying of a great orator and statesman of antiquity, that "The loss which the commonwealth sustains, by a want of education, is like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring."

5. If the bud be blasted, the tree will yield no fruit. If the springing corn be cut down, there will be no harvest.

So if the youth be ruined through a fault in their education, the community sustains a loss which cannot be repaired; "for it is too late to correct them when they are spoiled."

6. Notwithstanding the care of your legislators in enacting laws, and enforcing them by severe penalties; notwithstanding the wise and liberal provision which is made by some towns and some private gentlemen in the state; yet there is still in many places, "a great and criminal neglect of education."

7. You are indeed a very considerable degree better in this respect, than in the time of the late war; but yet much remains to be done. Great care ought to be taken, not only to provide a support for instructors of children and youth; but to be attentive in the choice of instructors; to see that they be men of good understanding, learning and morals; that they teach by their example as well as their precepts; that they govern themselves, and teach their pupils the art of self government.

8. Another source of improvement, which I beg leave to recommend, is the establishment of social libraries.—This is the easiest, the cheapest and most effectual mode of diffusing knowledge among the people. For the sum of six or eight dollars at once, and a small annual payment besides, a man may be supplied with the means of literary improvement, during his life, and his children may inherit the blessing.

9. A few neighbors joined together in setting up a library, and placing it under the care of some suitable person, with a very few regulations, to prevent carelessness and waste, may render the most essential service to themselves and the community.

10. Books may be much better preserved in this way, than if they belonged to individuals; and there is an advantage in the social intercourse of persons who have read the same books, by their conversing on the subjects which have occured in their reading, and communicating their observations one to another.

11. From this mutual intercourse, another advantage may arise; for the persons who are thus associated may not only acquire, but *originate* knowledge. By studying nature and the sciences, by practising arts, agriculture and manufactures, at the same time that they improve their

minds in reading, they may be led to discoveries and improvements, original and beneficial; and being already formed into society, they may diffuse their knowledge, ripen their plans, correct their mistakes and promote the cause of science and humanity in a very considerable degree.

12. The book of nature is always open to our view, and we may study it at our leisure. "'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand." The earth, the air, the sea, the rivers, the mountains, the rocks, the caverns, the animal and vegitable tribes are fraught with instruction. Nature is not half explored: and in what is partly known, there are many mysteries, which time, observation and experience must unfold.

13. Every social library, among other books, should be furnished with those of natural philosophy, botany, zoology, chymistry, husbandry, geography and astronomy; that enquiring minds may be directed in their enquiries; that they may see what is known and what still remains to be discovered; and that they may employ their leisure and their various opportunities in endeavoring to add to the stock of science, and thus enrich the world with their observations and improvements.

14. Suffer me to add a few words on the use of *spirituous liquor*, that bane of society, the destroyer of health, morals and property. Nature indeed has furnished her vegetable productions with *spirit;* but she has so combined it with other substances, that unless her work be tortured by fire, the spirit is not separated, and cannot prove pernicious.—Why should this force be put on nature to make her yield a noxious draft, when all her original preparations are salutary?

15. The juice of the apple, the fermentation of barley, and the decoction of spruce are amply sufficient for the refreshment of man, let his labor be ever so severe, and his perspiration ever so expansive. Our forefathers, for many years after the settlement of the country, knew not the use of distilled spirits.

16. Malt was imported from England, and wine from the Western or Canary Islands, with which they were refreshed, before their own fields and orchards yielded them a supply. An expedition was once undertaken against a nation of Indians, when there was but *one pint* of strong water (as it was then called) in the whole army, and that

was reserved for the sick; yet no complaint was made for want of refreshment.

17. Could we but return to the primitive manners of our ancestors, in this respect, we should be free from many of the disorders both of body and mind which are now experienced. The disuse of ardent spirits would tend to abolish the infamous traffic in slaves, by whose labor this baneful material is procured.

18. Divine Providence seems to be preparing the way for the destruction of that detestable commerce. The insurrections of the blacks in the West-Indies have already spread desolation over the most fertile plantations, and greatly raised the price of those commodities which we have been used to import from thence.

19. If we could check the consumption of distilled spirits and enter with vigor into the manufacture of maple sugars, of which our forests would afford an ample supply, the demand for West-India productions might be diminished; the plantations in the islands would not need fresh recruits from Africa; the planters would treat with humanity their remaining blacks; the market for slaves would become less inviting; and the navigation which is now employed in the most pernicious species of commerce which ever disgraced humanity, would be turned into some other channel.

20. Were I to form a picture of happy society, it would be a town consisting of a due mixture of hills, vallies, and streams of water. The land well fenced and cultivated; the roads and bridges in good repair; a decent inn for the refreshment of travellers, and for public entertainments. The inhabitants mostly husbandmen; their wives and daughters domestic manufacturers; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen, and two or three traders; a physician and lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support.

21. A clergyman of good understanding, of a candid disposition and exemplary morals not a metaphysical nor a polemic, but a serious and practical preacher. A school master who should understand his business, and teach his pupils to govern themselves. A social library, annually increasing and under good regulation.

22. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society. No intriguing politi-

tian, horse jocky, gambler or sot; but all such characters treated with contempt. Such a situation may be considered as the most favorable to social happiness of any which this world can afford.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

BARON HALLER, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, FROM "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

1. SHALL I sing thy death, Marianne? What a theme! When my sighs interrupt my words, and one idea flies before the other! The pleasures thou didst bestow on me, now augment my sorrows. I open the wound of a heart that yet bleeds and thy death is renovated to me.

2. But my passion was too violent—Thou didst merit it too well; and thine image is too deeply engraven on my soul, to permit me to be silent. The expressions of thy love revivify, in some degree my felicity; they afford me a tender recollection of our faithful union, as a remembrance thou wouldst have left to me.

3. These are not lines dictated by wit; the artificial complaints of a poet. They are perturbed sighs which escape from a heart not sufficient for its anguish. Yes, I am going to paint my troubled soul, affected by love and grief, that only occupied by the most distressing images, wanders in a labyrinth of affliction.

4. I see thee yet, such as thou wast at death. I approached thee, touched by the most lively despair. Thou didst call back thy last strength to express one word, which I yet asked from thee. O soul, fraught with the purest sentiments, thou didst only appear disturbed for *my* afflictions; thy last expressions were only those of love and tenderness; and thy last actions only those of resignation.

5. Whither shall I fly? Where shall I find in this country an asylum, which only offers to me objects of terror?—This house in which I lost thee; this sacred dome in which repose thy ashes; these children—Ah! my blood chills at the view of those tender images of thy beauty, those artless voices call for their mother. Whither shall I fly?—Why cannot I fly to thee?

Does not my heart owe thee the sincerest tears? Here thou hadst no other friend but me. It was I who snatched thee from the bosom of thy family; thou didst quit them

to follow me. I deprived thee of a country where thou wast loved by relatives who cherished thee, to conduct thee, alas, to the tomb.

7. In those sad adieus with which thy sister embraced thee, while the country gradually fading from our eyes, she lost our last glances; then with a softened kindness, mingled with a tender resignation, thou didst say, I depart with tranquility; what can I regret? My Haller accompanies me.

8. Can I recollect without tears, the day that united me to thee. Yet even now, softened pleasure mingles with my sorrows, and rapture with my affliction. How tenderly loved thy heart! that heart which could forget every thing, birth, beauty and wealth! and which notwithstanding the avowal I made of my fortune, only valued me for my sentiments.

9. Soon thou didst resign thy youth, and quit the world to be entirely mine! Superior to ordinary virtue, thou wast only beautiful for *me*. Thy heart was alone attached to mine: careless of thy fate, thou wast alone troubled with my lightest sorrows and enraptured with a glance that expressed content.

10. A will, detached from the vanity of the world and resigned to heaven; content and a sweet tranquility, that neither joy nor grief could disturb; wisdom in the education of thy children; a heart overflowing with tenderness, yet free from weakness; a heart made to soothe my sorrows; it was this that formed my pleasures, and that forms my griefs.

11. And thus I loved thee—more than the world could believe—more than I knew myself. How often in embracing thee with ardor, has my heart thought with trembling, Ah! if I should lose her!—How often have I wept in secret!

12. Yes, my grief will last, even when time shall have dried my tears; the heart knows other tears than those which cover the face. The first flame of my youth, the sadly pleasing recollection of thy tenderness, the admiration of thy virtue, are an eternal debt for my heart.

13. In the depth of the thickest woods, under the green shade of the beech, where none will witness my complaint, I will seek for thy amiable image, and nothing shall distract my recollection. There I shall see thy

graceful mein, thy sadness when I parted from thee, thy tenderness when I embraced thee, thy joy at my return.

14. In the sublime abodes of the celestial regions I will follow thee; I will seek for thee beyond the stars that roll beneath thy feet. It is there that thy innocence will shine in the splendor of heavenly light; it is there that with new strength thy soul shall enlarge its ancient boundaries.

15. It is there that accustoming thyself to the light of divinity, thou findest thy felicity in its councils; and that thou minglest thy voice with the angelic choir, and a prayer in my favor. There thou learnest the utility of my affliction. God unfolds to thee the volume of fate; thou readest his designs in our separation, and the close of my career.

16. O soul of perfection, which I loved with such ardor, but which I think I loved not enough, how amiable art thou in the celestial splendor that environs thee? A lively hope elevates me; refuse not thyself to my vows; open thy arms, I fly to be united eternally with thee.

Story of Logan, a Mingo Chief.

1. IN the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians of the Shawanese tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in quest of vengeance.

2. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it.

3. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued.

4. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Del-

awares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated and sued for peace.

5. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger, the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

6. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace.

7. "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed by, and said, *Logan is the friend of white men.* I had even thought to have lived with you, had it not been for the injuries of one man.—Colonel Cresap, the last spring in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

8. "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

SPEECH OF A SCYTHIAN EMBASSADOR TO ALEXANDER.

1. WHEN the Scythian embassadors waited on Alexander the great, they gazed on him a long time without speaking a word, being very probably surprized, as they formed a judgment of men from their air and stature, to find that his did not answer the high idea they entertained of him from his fame.

2. At last, the oldest of the embassadors addressed him thus, "Had the gods given thee a body proportioned to thy ambition, the whole universe would have been too little for thee. With one hand thou wouldst touch the East and with the other the West; and, not satisfied with this, thou wouldst follow the sun, and know where he hides himself.

3. But what have we to do with thee? We never set

10. He now saw nothing which brought to his recollection, either that particular quarter, the city itself, or the objects with which he was formerly acquainted. The houses of his nearest neighbors, which were fresh in his memory, had assumed a new appearance.

11. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him; he could discover nothing of which he had the smallest remembrance. Terrified, he stopped and fetched a deep sigh. To him what did it import, that the city was peopled with living creatures? None of them were alive to him; he was unknown to all the world, and he knew no body; and whilst he wept he regretted his dungeon.

12. At the name of the Bastil, which he often pronounced and even claimed as an asylum, and the sight of his clothes which marked his former age, the crowd gathered around him; curiosity blended with pity excited their attention. The most aged asked him many questions, but had no remembrance of the circumstances which he recapitulated.

13. At length accident brought to his way an ancient domestic, now a superannuated porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had barely sufficient strength to open the gate. Even *he* did not know the master he had served; but informed him that grief and misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before; that his children were gone abroad to distant climes and that of all his relations and friends, none now remained.

14. This recital was made with the indifference which people discover for events long passed and almost forgotten. The miserable man groaned, and groaned alone.—The crowd around, offering only unknown features to his view, made him feel the excesses of his calamities, even more than he would have done in the dreadful solitude which he had left.

15. Overcome with sorrow, he presented himself before the minister, to whose humanity he owed that liberty which was now a burden to him. Bowing down he said, "Restore me again to that prison from which you have taken me. I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations; of my friends; and in one word, of a whole generation. Is it possible in the same moment to be informed of this universal destruction, and not to wish for death?

16. "This general mortality, which to others comes slowly and by degrees, has to me been instantaneous, the operation of a moment. Whilst secluded from society, I lived with myself only; but here I can neither live with myself, nor with this new race, to whom my anguish and despair appear only as a dream."

17. The minister was melted; he caused the old domestic to attend this unfortunate person, as only *he* could talk to him of his family.

18. This discourse was the single consolation which he received; for he shunned intercourse with the new race, born since he had been exiled from the world; and he passed his time in the midst of Paris in the same solitude as he had done whilst confined in a dungeon for almost half a century.

19. But the chagrin and mortification of meeting no person who could say to him, "We were formerly known to each other," soon put an end to his life.

Description of the Falls of Niagara.

1. AMONG the many natural curiosities which this country affords, the cataract of Niagara is infinitely the greatest. In order to have a tolerable idea of this stupendous fall of water, it will be necessary to conceive that part of the country in which Lake Erie is situated, to be elevated above that which contains Lake Ontario, about three hundred feet.

2. The slope which separates the upper and lower country is generally very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular. It is formed by horizontal straits of stone, great part of which is what we commonly call lime-stone. The slope may be traced from the north side of Lake Ontario, near the bay of Teronto, round the west end of the lake; thence its direction is generally east, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; it crosses the strait of Niagara, and the Cheneseco river; after which it becomes lost in the country towards the Seneka Lake.

3. It is to this slope that our country is indebted, b for the cataract of Niagara and the great falls of the Cl esseco. The cataract of Niagara, was formerly down the northern side of the slope, near to that place which now known by the name of the Landing; but for

great length of time added to the great quantity of water and distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away, for about seven miles, up towards Lake Erie, and a chasm is formed which no person can approach without horror.

4. Down this chasm, the water rushes with the most astonishing velocity, after it makes the great pitch. In going up the road near this chasm, the fancy is constantly engaged in the contemplation of the most romantic and awful prospects imaginable, until, at length, the eye catches the falls, the imagination is instantly arrested, and you admire in silence! The river is about one hundred and thirty-five rods wide, at the falls, and the perpendicular pitch one hundred and fifty feet.

5. The fall of this vast body of water produces a sound which is frequently heard at the distance of twenty miles, and a sensible tremulous motion in the earth for some rods round. A heavy fog, or cloud is constantly ascending from the falls, in which rainbows may always be seen when the sun shines.

6. This fog, or spray, in the winter season, falls upon the neighboring trees where it congeals, and produces a most beautiful chrystaline appearance. This remark is equally applicable to the falls of the Cheneseco.

7. The difficulty which would attend levelling the rapids in the chasm, prevented my attempting it; but I conjecture the water must descend at least sixty-five feet. The perpendicular pitch at the cataract is at least one hundred and fifty feet; to these add fifty-eight feet, which the water falls in the last half mile immediately above the falls, and we have two hundred and seventy-three feet which the water falls in a distance of about seven miles and a half.

8. If either ducks, or geese, inadvertently alight in the rapids above the great cataract, they are incapable of getting on the wing again, and are instantly hurried on to destruction. There is one appearance at this cataract worthy of some attention, and which I do not remember to have seen noted by any writer.

Just below the great pitch, the water and foam may seen puffed up in spherical figures nearly as large nmon cocks of hay; they burst at the top, and proj olumn of spray to a prodigious height; they then sub and are succeeded by others, which burst in like ma

This appearance is most conspicuous about

between the island that divides the falls, and the west side of the strait, where the largest column of water descends.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. JEMIMA HOWE, TAKEN BY THE INDIANS AT HINSDALE, NEW-HAMPSHIRE, JULY 27, 1755.

1. AS Messrs. Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in a meadow, west of the river, were returning home a little before sun-set, to a place called Bridgman's Fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians who had ambushed their path.

2. Howe was on horseback, with two young lads, his children, behind him. A ball, which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground. His horse ran a few rods and fell likewise, and both the lads were taken. The Indians in their savage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp, stuck a hatchet in his head, and left him in this forlorn condition.

3. He was found alive the morning after, by a party of men from Fort Hinsdale; and being asked by one of the party whether he knew him, he answered, Yes, I know you all. These were his last words, though he did not expire until after his friends had arrived with him at Fort Hinsdale. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt.

4. But Gaffield in attempting to wade through the river at a certain place which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned. Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's Fort. There was no man in it, and only three women and some children, Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout, and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield.

5. Their husbands I need not mention again, and their feelings at this juncture I will not attempt to describe.—They had heard the enemy's guns, but knew not what happened to their friends.

6. Extremely anxious for their safety, they stood longing to embrace them, until at length, concluding from the noise they heard without, that some of them were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them; when lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians, to whom they and their tender offsprings became an easy prey; and from whom they had nothing to ex-

pect, but either an immediate death, or a long and doleful captivity.

7. The latter of these, by the favor of Providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women, and their still more unhappy, because more helpless children. Mrs. Gaffield had but one, Mrs. Grout had three, and Mrs. Howe, seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was eleven years old, and the youngest but six months.

8. The two eldest were daughters, which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phips, who was also slain by the Indians, of which I doubt not you have seen an account in Mr. Doolittle's history. It was from the mouth of this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true, though to be sure, a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal.

9. The Indians (she says) having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night.

10. When the morning came, and we had advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind; but they did not return until the day was so far spent, that it was judged best to continue where they were through the night.

11. Early the next morning we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march; but the captives, by Divine assistance, were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect.

12. From such savage masters, in such indigent circumstances, we could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than others; and among the children, I thought my son Squire had the hardest of any.

13. He was then only four years old, and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off; and some times too with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians, at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen.

14. At length we arrived at Crown Point and took up our quarters there, for the space of near a week. In the mean time some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them.

15. They gave my youngest daughter to the governor, de Vandreuil, had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point, with the rest of the prisoners. From hence we set off for St. John's, in four or five canoes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness.

16. A heavy storm hung over us. The sound of the rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which at every flash of expansive lightning seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted.

17. In this posture we sailed in our open, tottering canoes, almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning indeed had not yet begun to dawn, when we all went ashore: and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down, with my tender infant by my side, not knowing where any of my other children were, or what a miserable condition they might be in.

18. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever present and all powerful Providence, which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent dangers of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. John's.

19. Our next movement was to St. Francois, the metropolis, if I may so call it, to which the Indians who led us captive belonged. Soon after our arrival at that wretched capital, a council, consisting of the chief Sachem and some principal warriors of the St. Francois tribe, was convened; and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw, whom the Indians told me I must call my mother.

20. My infant still continued to be the property of its original Indian owners. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it with me a while longer, for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I acquainted my new mother, that I did not think

it would be possible for me to endure it, if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did.

21. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations, that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me and my infant, attended by some male Indians upon a journey to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful, and the journey tedious indeed.

22. Our provisions was so scanty as well as insipid and unsavory; the weather was so cold, and the travelling so very bad, that it often seemed as if I must have perished on the way.

23. While we were at Montreal, we went into the house of a certain French gentleman, whose lady being sent for, and coming into the room where I was, to examin me, seeing I had an infant, exclaimed with an oath "I will not buy a woman who has a child to look after."

24. There was a swill pail standing near me, in which I observed some crusts and crumbs of bread swimming on the surface of the greasy liquor it contained. Sorely pinched with hunger, I skimmed them off with my hands, and ate them; and this was all the refreshment which the house afforded me.

25. Somewhere in the course of this visit to Montreal, my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small-pox, of which distemper she died, soon after our return, which was by water to St. Francois. And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt.

26. I was ordered to return my poor child to those of them who still claimed it as their property. This was a severe trial. The babe clung to my bosom with all its might; but I was obliged to pluck it thence, and deliver it shrieking and screaming, enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those unfeeling wretches, whose tender mercies may be termed cruel.

27. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of those Indians, to a place called Missisko, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither in about a month after, it was my fortune to follow them. And here I found it, it is true, but in a condition that afforded me no great satisfaction; it being greatly emaciated and almost starved.

who made him, when the day was far spent, and the time would permit me to stay no longer, I departed, you may well suppose, with a heavy load at my heart. The tidings I had received of the death of my youngest child, had a little before been confirmed to me beyond a doubt: but I could not mourn so heartily for the deceased, as for the living child.

43. When the winter broke up, we removed to St. John's; and through the ensuing summer, our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. In the mean time, however, my sister's husband having been out with a scouting party to some of the English settlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort when he returned.

44. His wife, who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her husband's intemperance, fearing what the consequence might prove, if he should come home in a morose and turbulent humor, to avoid his insolence, proposed that we should both retire and keep out of the reach of it, until the storm abated.

45. We absconded accordingly: but it so happened, that I returned and ventured into his presence, before his wife had presumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam and in a surly mood; and not being able to revenge upon his wife, because she was not at home, he laid hold of me and hurried me to the fort; and for a trifling consideration, sold me to a French gentleman whose name was Saccapee.

46. It is an ill wind certainly that blows nobody any good. I had been with the Indians a year lacking fourteen days; and if not for my sister, yet for me it was a lucky circumstance indeed, which thus in an unexpected moment, snatched me out of their cruel hands, and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

47. After my Indian master had disposed of me in the manner related above, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him in an unguarded hour, his resentment began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high, that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone; or if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort.

48. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber, and the fort carefully guarded, until his wrath had time to cool.

My service in the family to which I was advanced, was perfect freedom, in comparison with what it had been among the barbarous Indians.

49. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous towards me as I could reasonably expect. I seldom asked a favor of either of them, but it was readily granted. In consequence of which I had it in my power, in many instances, to administer aid and refreshment to the poor prisoners of my own nation, who were brought into St. John's during my abode in the family of the above mentioned benevolent and hospitable Saccapee.

50. Yet even in this family, such trials awaited me as I had little reason to expect; but stood in need of a large stock of prudence, to enable me to encounter them. In this I was greatly assisted by the governor, and Col. Schuyler, who was then a prisoner.

51. I was moreover under unspeakable obligations to the governor on another account. I had received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport of which was, that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian of the tribe of St. Francois, with which tribe she had continued from the beginning of her captivity.—— These were heavy tidings, and added greatly to the poignancy of my other afflictions.

52. However, not long after I had heard this melancholy news, an opportunity presented of acquainting that humane and generous gentleman, the commander in chief, and my illustrious benefactor, with this affair also, who in compassion for my sufferings, and to mitigate my sorrows, issued his orders in good time, and had my daughter taken away from the Indians, and conveyed to the same nunnery where her sister was then lodged, with his express injunction, that they should both of them together be well looked after, and carefully educated, as his adopted children.

53. In this school of superstition and bigotry, they continued while the war in those days between France and Great Britain lasted. At the conclusion of which war, the governor went home to France, took my oldest daughter along with him, and married her there to a French gentleman, whose name is Cron Lewis.

54. He was at Boston with the fleet under count d'Estaing, (1778) and one of his clerks. My other da[illegible]

still continuing in the nunnery, a considerable time had elapsed after my return from captivity, when I made a journey to Canada, resolving to use my best endeavors not to return without her.

55. I arrived just in time to prevent her being sent to France. She was to have gone in the next vessel that sailed for that place. And I found it extremely difficult to prevail with her to quit the nunnery and go home with me.

56. Yea, she absolutely refused; and all the persuasions and arguments I could use with her were to no effect, until after I had been to the governor, and obtained a letter from him to the superintendant of the nuns, in which he threatened if my daughter should not be delivered immediately into my hands, or could not be prevailed with to submit to my parental authority, that he would send a band of soldiers to assist me in bringing her away.

57. But so extremely bigoted was she to the customs and religion of the place, that after all, she left it with the greatest reluctance, and the most bitter lamentations, which she continued as we passed the streets, and wholly refused to be comforted. My good friend Major Small, whom we met with on the way, tried all he could to console her: and was so very kind and obliging as to bear us company, and carry my daughter behind him on horseback.

58. But I have run on a little before my story; for I have not yet informed you of the means and manner of my own redemption; to the accomplishing of which, the recovery of my daughter just mentioned, and the ransoming of some of my other children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little; to whose goodness, therefore, I am greatly indebted, and sincerely hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget it.

59. Col. Scuyler, in particular, was so very kind and generous as to advance 2700 livers to procure a ransom for myself and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany, and entertained us in the most friendly and hospitable manner, a considerable time at his own house, and I believe, entirely at his own expense.

The Whistle.

1. WHEN I was a child at seven years old, says Dr. Franklin, my friends on a holiday filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where

they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a Whistle, which I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one.

2. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my Whistle; but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me, I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

3. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money. And they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the Whistle gave me pleasure.

4. This, however, was afterwards of use to me; the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the Whistle.* And so I saved my money.

5. As I grew up and came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, *who gave too much for the Whistle.*

6. When I saw one too ambitious of court favors, sacrificing his time in attendance at levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to obtain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for the Whistle.*

7. When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays*, said I, *too much for his Whistle.*

8. If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you do indeed pay too much for the Whistle.*

9. When I meet with a man of pleasure, sacrificing ev- laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, ere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in the uit; mistaken man, say I, you are providing pain for self instead of pleasure; *you give too much for your e.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine [illegible]age, all above his fortune, for which h

contracts debts, and ends his career in prison; alas! say I, *he has paid dear, very dear for his Whistle.*

11. In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *Whistles.*

History of Pocahontas.

1. PERHAPS they who are not particularly acquainted with the history of Virginia, may be ignorant that Pocahontas was the protectress of the English, and often screened them from the cruelty of her father.

2. She was but twelve years old, when captain Smith, the bravest, the most intelligent, and the most humane of the first colonists, fell into the hands of the Savages. He already understood their language, had traded with them several times, and often appeased the quarrels between the Europeans and them. Often had he been obliged also to fight them, and to punish their perfidy.

3. At length however under the pretext of commerce he was drawn into an ambush, and the only two companions who accompanied him, fell before his eyes; but he alone, by his dexterity he extricated himself from the troop which surrounded him; until, unfortunately imagining he could save himself, by crossing a morass, he stuck fast, so that the savages, against whom he had no means of defending himself, at last took and bound him, and conducted him to Powhatan.

4. The king was so proud of having Captain Smith in his power, that he sent him in triumph to all the tributary princes, and ordered that he should be splendidly treated, till he returned to suffer that death which was prepared for him.

5. The fatal moment at last arrived. Captain Smith was laid upon the hearth of the savage king, and his head placed upon a large stone to receive the stroke of death; when Pocahontas, the youngest and darling daughter of Powhatan, threw herself upon his body, clasped him in her arms, and declared that if the cruel sentence was executed the first blow should fall on her.

6. All savages (absolute sovereigns and tyrants not excepted) are invariably more affected by the tears of infan-

cy, than the voice of humanity. Powhatan could not resist the tears and prayers of his daughter.

7. Captain Smith obtained his life, on condition of paying for his ransom a certain quantity of muskets, powder, and iron utensils; but how were they to be obtained? They would neither permit him to return to James-Town, nor let the English know where he was, lest they should demand him sword in hand.

8. Captain Smith, who was as sensible as courageous, said, that if Powhatan would permit one of his subjects to carry to James-Town a leaf which he took from his pocket book, he should find under a tree, at the day and hour appointed, all the articles demanded for his ransom.

9. Powhatan consented; but without having much faith in his promises, believing it to be only an artifice of the Captain to prolong his life. But he had written on a leaf a few lines, sufficient to give an account of his situation.—The messenger returned. The king sent to the place fixed upon, and was greatly astonished to find every thing which had been demanded.

10. Powhatan could not conceive this mode of transmitting thoughts; and Captain Smith was henceforth looked upon as a great magician, to whom they could not shew too much respect. He left the savages in this opinion, and hastened to return home.

11. Two or three years after some fresh differences arising amidst them and the English. Powhatan, who no longer thought them sorcerers but still feared their power, laid a horrid plan to get rid of them altogether. His project was to attack them in profound peace, and cut the throats of the whole colony.

12. The night of this intended conspiracy, Pocahontas took advantage of the obscurity; and in a terrible storm which kept the savages in their tents, escaped from her father's house, advised the English to be on their guard, but conjured them to spare her family: to appear ignorant of the intelligence she had given, and terminate all their differences by a new treaty.

13. It would be tedious to relate all the services which this angel of peace rendered to both nations. I shall only add, that the English, I know not from what motives, but certainly against all faith and equity, thought proper to carry her off. Long and bitterly did she deplore her fate;

and the only consolation she had was Captain Smith, in whom she found a second father.

14. She was treated with great respect, and married to a planter by the name of Rolfe, who soon after took her to England. This was in the reign of James the first; and it is said that the monarch, pedantic and ridiculous in every point, was so infatuated with the prerogatives of royalty, that he expressed his displeasure, that one of his subjects should dare to marry the daughter even of a savage king.

15. It will not perhaps be difficult to decide on this occasion, whether it was the savage king who derived honor from finding himself placed upon a level with the European prince, or the English monarch, who, by his pride and prejudices, reduced himself to a level with the chief of the savages.

16. Be that as it will, Captain Smith, who had returned to London before the arrival of Pocahontas, was extremely happy to see her again; but dared not treat her with the same familiarity as at James-Town. As soon as she saw him, she threw herself into his arms calling him her father; but finding that he neither returned her caresses with equal warmth, or the endearing title of daughter, she turned aside her head and wept bitterly; and it was a long time before they could obtain a single word from her.

17. Captain Smith enquired several times what could be the cause of her affliction. "What! said she, did I not save your life in America? When I was torn from the arms of my father, and conducted amongst thy friends, didst thou not promise to be a father to me? Didst thou not assure me, that if I went into thy country, thou wouldst be my father, and that I should be thy daughter? Thou hast deceived me, and behold me now here a stranger and an orphan."

18. It was not difficult for the captain to make his peace with this charming creature, whom he tenderly loved.—He presented her to several people of the first quality;—but never dared to take her to court from which, however, she received several favors.

19. After a residence of several years in England, an example of virtue and piety, and attachment to her husband, she died, as she was on the point of embarking for America. She left an only son, who was married, and

left none but daughters; and from these are descended some of the principal characters of Virginia.

Emilius, or Domestic Happiness.

1. THE government of a family depends on such various and opposite principles, that it is a matter of extreme delicacy. Perhaps there is no situation in life in which it is so difficult to behave with propriety, as in the contest between *parental authority* and *parental love*. This is undoubtedly the reason why we see so few happy families. Few parents are both loved and respected, because most of them are either the *dupes* or the *tyrants* of their children.

2. Some parents either from a natural weakness of mind, or an excess of fondness, permit, and even encourage their children, in a thousand familiarities, which render them ridiculous, and by diminishing the respect which is due to their age and station, destroy all their authority.

3. Others, ruled by a partial and blind affection, which can deny nothing to its object, indulge their children in all their romantic wishes, however trifling and foolish; however degrading to their dignity or injurious to their welfare.

4. Others soured by misfortunes, or grown peevish and jealous by the loss of youthful pleasures, and an acquaintance with the deceit and folly of the world, attempt to restrain the ideas and enjoyments of youth by the rigid maxims of age.

5. The children of the first class often offend by silly manners and a kind of good natured disrespect. Those of the second are generally proud, whimsical and vicious. Those of the third, if they are subdued, when young, by the rigor of parental discipline, forever remain morose, illiberal and unsociable; or if, as it commonly happens, they find means to escape from restraint, they abandon themselves to every species of licentiousness.

6. To parents of these descriptions may be added another class, whose fondness blinds their eyes to the most glaring vices of their children; or invents such palliations, as to prevent the most salutary corrections.

7. The taste for amusements in young people, is the most difficult to regulate by the maxims of prudence. In this article parents are apt to err, either by extreme indulgence on the one hand, or immoderate rigor on the oth-

8. Recollecting the feelings of their youth, they give unbounded licence to the inclinations of their children; or having lost all relish for amusements, they refuse to gratify their most moderate desires.

9. It is a maxim which universally holds true, that the best method of guarding youth from *criminal* pleasures, is to indulge them freely in those that are *innocent*. A person who has free access to reputable society, will have little inclination to frequent that which is vicious.

10. But those who are kept under constant restraint, who are seldom in amusements, who are perpetually awed by the frowns of a parent, or soured by a disappointment of their most harmless wishes, will at times break over all bounds to gratify their taste for pleasure, and will not be anxious to discriminate between the innocent and the criminal.

11. Nothing contributes more to keep youth within the limits of decorum, than to have their superiors mingle in their company at proper times, and participate of their amusements.

12. This condescension flatters their pride; at the same time that respect for age, which no familiarities can wholly efface, naturally checks the extravagant sallies of mirth, and the indelicate rudeness which young people are apt to indulge in their jovial hours.

13. That awful distance, at which some parents keep their children, and their abhorrence of all juvenile diversions, which compel youth to sacrifice their most innocent desires, or veil the gratification of them with the most anxious secrecy, have as direct a tendency to drive young persons into a profligate life, as the force of vicious example.

14. It is impossible to give the age of *twenty*, the feelings or the knowledge of *sixty*; as it would be folly to wish to clothe a child with gray hairs, or to stamp the fading aspect of Autumn on the bloom of May. Nature has given to every age some peculiar passions and appetites; to moderate and refine these, not to stifle and destroy, is the business of common prudence and parental care.

15. I was led into this train of reflections by an acquaintance with the family of Emilius, which is a rare instance of domestic felicity. Parents indulgent to their children,

hospitable to their friends, and universally respected; their sons equally generous, modest and manly.

16. Emilia, an only daughter, the pride of her parents, possessed of every accomplishment that can honor herself, or endear her to her friends; an easy fortune, and a disposition to enjoy and improve it for the purposes of humanity; perfect harmony of domestic life, and unaffected satisfaction in the pleasures of society. Such is the family of Emilius.

17. Such a family is a little paradise on earth; to envy their happiness is almost a virtue. Conjugal respect, parental tenderness, filial obedience, and brotherly kindness are so seldom united, in a family, that when I am honored with the friendship of such, I am equally ambitious to participate their happiness, and profit by the example.

18. Emilia's situation must be peculiarly agreeable. Her parents delight to gratify her in innocent amusements;—and contented with this, she knows no wish beyond the sacred bounds of honor. While by their indulgence she enjoys every rational pleasure, she rewards their generous care, by a dutiful behavior, and unblemished manners.

19. By thus discharging the reciprocal duties of their respective stations, the happiness of each is secured. The solicitude of the parent and the obedience of the child, equally contribute to the bliss of the little society; the one calling forth every act of tenderness, and the other displayed in all the filial virtues.

20. Few families are destined to be so happy as that of Emilius. Were I to choose the situation where I could pass my life with most satisfaction, it would be in this domestic circle. My house would then be the residence of delight, unmingled with the anxieties of ambition or the regret of disappointment.

21. Every act would be dictated by love and respect;—every countenance would wear the smile of complacence; and the little unavoidable troubles, incident to the happiest situation, would only serve to increase our friendship and improve our felicity, by making room for the exercise of virtue.

Emilia, or the Happiness of Retirement.

1. As I was conversing with Emilia, a few days past, I asked whether she was contented to live so remote from the resort of company. She answered in the affirmative, and remarked further, that her situation enabled her to distinguish between *real* friends and *complimentary*; for if she lived in a more public place, she might be visited by crouds of people, who were civil indeed, but had no motive for calling on her but to spend an idle hour, and gaze on the busy multitude.

2. I was pleased with the remark, and was naturally led to consider such a retired situation as a fortunate circumstance for a young lady of delicacy. Not only the happiness of a family, but the character of young women, both in a moral and social view, depends on a choice of proper company.

3. A perpetual throng of company, especially if it furnishes a variety of new objects, has a pernicious effect on the dispositions of female minds. Women are destined by nature to preside over domestic affairs. Whatever parade they may make abroad, their *real* merit and *real* character are known only at home.

4. The behavior of servants, the neatness of furniture, the order of a table, and the regularity of domestic business, are decisive evidences of female worth. Perhaps sweetness of temper does not contribute more to the happiness of their partners and their families, than a proper attention to these articles.

5. For this reason, whatever has a tendency to divert the mind from these concerns, and give them a turn for empty show, endless noise, and tasteless amusements, ought to be carefully avoided by young ladies who wish for respect beyond the present moment.

6. Misses, who are perpetually surrounded with idle company, or even live in sight of it, though they may be fortunate enough to preserve their innocence, are still in hazard of contracting such a fondness for dissipation and folly, as to unfit them for the superintendance of a family.

7. Another danger to which young women possessed of personal charms, are exposed in public places, is the flattery and admiration of men. The good opinion of a fop, will hardly flatter a woman of discernment; much less or-

dinary compliments, which are commonly without meaning.

8. But the heart is often so disguised, that it is difficult at first to distinguish between a coxcomb and a man of worth; or if it is easier for an accurate observer, yet there is great danger that vanity and inexperience will make young ladies overlook the distinction.

9. Few minds are effectually secured against the attacks of flattery. It is a poison the more fatal, as it seizes human nature in its weakest part. In youth, when the passions are in full vigor, and the judgment feeble, female minds are peculiarly liable to be corrupted by the contagious influence of pretty civilities and affected admiration.

10. With whatever scruples they may at first listen to the praises that are bestowed on their real or pretended charms, a constant strain of flattering addresses, accompanied with obsequious complasance, seldom fails of giving them too high an opinion of themselves. They are insensibly lead to believe, that they are possessed of virtues to whichthey are really strangers.

11. This belief satisfies them without attempting further improvement; and makes them to depend, for reputation in life, on good qualities, the fancied existence of which begins and ends with the falsehood of customary compliments.

12. Such ladies, before marriage, are usually vain, pert, affected and silly; and after marriage, haughty, disappointed and peevish. The most perfect beauty must fade, and cease to command admiration; but in most instances, the nuptual hour puts a period to that excess of flattering attention which is the happiness of giddy females.—The longest term of admiration must be short: That which depends solely on personal attractions, is often momentary.

13. The more flattery is bestowed on young ladies, the less in general are they solicitous to acquire virtues which shall insure respect when admiration shall cease. The more they are praised in youth, the more they expect it in advanced life, when they have less charms to command it. Thus the excessive complasance of admirers, which is extremely pleasing at *sixteen*, proves at *forty*, a source of mortification and discontent.

14. I would by no means insinuate that young ladies ought to be kept total strangers to company, and to ra-

tional professions of esteem. It is in company only that they can acquaint themselves with mankind, acquire an easy address, and learn numberless little decorums which are essential and cannot be taught by precept. Without these a woman will sometimes deviate from that dignity and propriety of conduct, which in any situation will secure the good will of her friends, and prevent the blushes of her husband.

15. A fondness for company and amusements is blameable only when it is indulged to excess, and permitted to absorb more important concerns. Nor is some degree of flattery always dangerous or useless. The good opinion of mankind we are all desirous to obtain; and to know that we *possess* it, often makes us ambitious to *deserve* it.

16. No passion is given to us in vain; the best ends are sometimes effected by the worst means; and even female vanity, properly managed, may prompt to the most meritorious actions. I should pay Emilia but a very ill compliment to ascribe her virtues to her local situation; for no person can claim, as a virtue, what she has been in no danger of losing.

17. But there is no retirement beyond the reach of temptation, and the whole tenor of her conduct proves that her unblemished morals and uniform delicacy, proceed from better principles than necessity or accident.

18. She is loved and flattered, but she is not vain; her company is universally coveted, and yet she has no airs of haughtiness and disdain.

19. Her cheerfulness in company shows that she has a relish for society; her contentment at home, and attention to domestic concerns, are early specimens of her happy disposition; and her decent unaffected abhorrence of every species of licentious behavior, evinces, beyond suspicion, that the innocence of her heart is equal to the charms of her person.

JULIANA. *A real character.*

1. JULIANA is one of those rare women whose personal attractions have no rivals, but the sweetness of her temper and the delicacy of her sentiments. An elegant person, regular features, a fine complexion, a lively expressive countenance, an easy address, and those blushes of modesty that soften the soul of the beholder; these

are the native beauties which render her the object of universal admiration.

2. But when we converse with her, and hear the melting expressions of unaffected sensibility and virtue that flow from her tongue, her personal charms receive new lustre, and irresistably engage the affections of her acquaintances.

3. Sensible that the great source of all happiness, is purity of morals and an easy conscience, Juliana pays constant and sincere attention to the duties of religion. She abhors the infamous but fashionable vice of deriding the sacred institutions of religion.

4. She considers a lady without virtue as a monster on earth; and every accomplishment, without morals, as polite deception. She is neither a hypocrite nor an enthusiast; on the contrary, she mingles such cheerfulness with the religious duties of life, that even her pity carries with it a charm which insensibly allures the profligate from the arms of vice.

5. Not only the general tenor of her life, but in particular her behavior in church evinces the reality of her religion.—She esteems it not only criminal in a high degree, but extremely unpolite, to behave with levity in a place consecrated to the solemn purpose of devotion.

6. She cannot believe that any person, who is solicitous to treat all mankind with civility, can laugh in the temple of Jehovah, and treat their great benefactor with heedless neglect.

7. In polite life, the manners of Juliana are peculiarly engaging. To her superiors she shows the utmost deference and respect. To her equals, the most modest complasance and civility; while persons of every rank experience her kindness and affability.

8. By this conduct she secures the love and friendship of all degress. No person can despise her, for she does nothing that is ridiculous; she cannot be hated, for she does injury to none; and even the malevolent whispers of envy are silenced, by her modest deportment and generous condescension.

9. Her conversation is lively and sentimental; free from false wit, frivolous minuteness, and affectation of learning. Although her discourse is always under the direction of prudence, yet it appears unstudied; for her good sense always

furnishes her with thoughts suited to the subject, and purity of her mind renders any caution in expressing them, almost unnecessary.

10. She will not lead the conversation; much less can she stun the ears of company with perpetual chat, to interrupt the discourse of others. But when occasion offers, she acquits herself with ease and grace; without the airs of pertness or the confusion of bashfulness.

11. But if the conversation happens to turn upon the foibles of either sex, Juliana discovers her goodness by silence, or by inventing palliations. She detests every species of slander.

12. She is sensible that to publish and aggravate human errors, is not the way to correct them; and reformation, rather than infamy, is the wish and the study of her life.—Her own amiable example is the severest of all satires on the faults and the follies of her sex, and goes farther in discountenancing both, than all the censures of malicious detraction.

13. Although Juliana possesses every accomplishment that can command esteem and admiration, yet she has neither vanity nor ostentation. Her merit is easily discovered without show and parade.

14. She considers that haughtiness and contempt of others, always proceed from meanness; that true greatness is ever accessible; and that self-recommendation and blustering pretensions, are but the glittering decorations of empty heads and trifling hearts.

15. However strong may be her desire of useful information, or however lively her curiosity, yet she restrains these passions within the bounds of prudence and good breeding. She deems it impertinent to the highest degree, to be prying into the concerns of other people; much more impertinent and criminal does she deem it, to indulge an officious inquisitiveness, for the sake of gratifying private spleen in the propagation of unfavorable truths.

16. So exceedingly delicate is she in her treatment of her fellow-creatures, that she will not read a paper nor hear a whisper, which a person does not wish to have known, even when she is in no danger of detection.

17. The same delicate attention to the feelings of others regulate her conduct in company. She would not, for the price of her reputation, be found laughing or whispering

with one in the company. All nods, grimaces, sly looks, and half speeches, the cause of which is not known, are carefully avoided by her, and reprobated as the height of ill-breeding, and the grossest insult to the company.

18. Whenever this happens between two persons, the rest of the company have a just right to consider themselves the objects of their ridicule. But it is a maxim of Juliana that such conduct is a breach of politeness, which no oddities or mistakes that happen in public company, can excuse or palliate.

19. It is very common for persons who are destitute of certain accomplishments which they admire in other people, to endeavor to imitate them. This is the source of affectation, a fault that infallibly exposes a person to ridicule. But the ornaments of the heart, the dress and the manners of Juliana, are equally easy and natural.

20. She need not assume the *appearance* of good qualities which she possesses in *reality*; nature has given too many beauties to her person, to require the studied embellishments of fashion; and such are the ease and gracefulness of her behavior, that any attempt to improve them would lessen the dignity of her manners.

21. She is equally a stranger to that supercillious importance which affects to despise the small, but necessary concerns of life; and that squeamish false delicacy which is wounded with every trifle.

22. She will not neglect a servant in sickness because of the meanness of his employment; she will not abuse an animal for her own pleasure and amusement; nor will she go into fits at the distress of a favorite cat.

23. Her gentle soul is never disturbed with discontent, envy or resentment; those turbulent passions which so often destroy the peace of society as well as of individuals.—Her native firmness and serenity of mind forbid the intrusion of violent emotions; at the same time her heart, susceptible and kind, is the soft residence of every virtuous affection.

24. She sustains the unavoidable shocks of adversity, with a calmness that indicates the superiority of her soul; and with a smile of joy or tear of tenderness, she participates the pleasures or the sorrows of a friend.

25. But the discretion and generosity of Juliana are particularly distinguished by the number and sincerity of her

attachments. Her friendships are few, but they are all founded on the principles of benevolence and fidelity. Such confidence do her sincerity, her constancy, and her faithfulness inspire, that her friends commit to her breast their most private concerns, without suspicion.

26. It is her favorite maxim, that a necessity of exacting promises of secrecy, is a burlesque upon every pretension to friendship. Such is the character of the young, the amiable Juliana.

27. If it is possible for her to find a man who knows her worth, and has a disposition and virtues to reward it, the union of their hearts must secure that unmingled felicity in life, which is reserved for genuine love, a passion inspired by sensibility, and improved by a perpetual intercourse of kind offices.

Rules for Behavior.

1. NEVER let your mind be absent in company. Command and direct your attention to the present object, and let distant objects be banished from the mind. There is time enough for every thing in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.

2. Never attempt to tell a story with which you are not well acquainted; nor fatigue your hearers with relating little trifling circumstances. Do not interrupt the thread of discourse with a thousand *hems*, and by repeating often *says he*, and *said I*. Relate the principal points with clearness and precision, and you will be heard with pleasure.

3. There is a difference between modesty and bashfulness. Modesty is the characteristic of an amiable mind; bashfulness discovers a degree of meanness. Nothing sinks a young man into low company so surely as bashfulness.

4. If he *thinks* he shall not please, he most surely *will* not. Vice and ignorance are the only things we ought to be ashamed of; while we keep clear of them, we may venture any where without fear of concern.

5. Frequent good company—copy their manners—imitate their virtues and accomplishments.

6. Be not very free in your remarks upon characters.—There may be in all companies, more *wrong* heads than *right* ones; more people who will *deserve*, than who will *bear* censure.

7. Never hold any body by the button or the hand, in order to be heard through your story; for if the people are not *willing* to hear you, you had much better hold your *tongue* than hold *them*.

8. Never whisper in company. Conversation is common stock, in which all persons present have a right to claim their share. Always listen when you are spoken to; and never interrupt a speaker.

9. Be not forward in leading the conversation—this belongs to the oldest person in company. Display your learning only on particular occasions. Never oppose the opinion of another but with great modesty.

10. On all occasions avoid speaking of yourself, if it is possible. Nothing that we can say of ourselves will varnish our *defects*, or add lustre to our *virtues*; but on the contrary, it will often make the former *more visible*, and the latter, *obscure*.

11. Be frank, open, and ingenious in your behavior; and always look people in the face when you speak to them.—Never receive nor retail scandal. In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is as bad as the thief.

12. Never reflect upon bodies of men, either clergymen, lawyers, physicians, or soldiers: nor upon nations and societies. There are good as well as bad, in all orders of men, and in all countries.

13. Mimicry is a common and favorite amusement of low minds, but should be despised by all great ones. We should neither practice it ourselves nor praise it in others. Let your expenses be less than your income.

14. A *fool* squanders away without credit or advantage to himself, more than a *man of sense* spends with both. A wise man employs his money as he does his time, he never spends a shilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in something that is either useful or rationally pleasing.—The fool buys what he does not want, but does not pay for what he stands in need of.

15. Form no friendships hastily. Study a character well before you put confidence in the person. *Every* person is entitled to *civility*, but very *few* to *confidence*. The Spanish proverb says, "Tell whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." The English say, "A man is known by the company he keeps."

Good breeding does not consist in low bows, and

formal ceremony; But in an easy, civil, and respectful behavior.

17. A well bred man is polite to every person, but particularly to strangers. In mixed companies every person who is admitted, is supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest, and consequently claims very justly every mark of civility.

18. Be very attentive to neatness. The hands, nails, and teeth should be kept clean. A dirty mouth is not only disagreeable, as it occasions an offensive breath, but almost infallibly causes a decay and loss of teeth.

19. Never put your fingers in your nose or ears—it is a vulgar rudeness and an affront to company.

20. Be not a sloven in dress, nor a fop. Let your dress be neat, and as fashionable as your circumstances and convenience will admit. It is said that a man who is negligent at twenty years of age, will be a sloven at forty, and intolerable at fifty.

21. It is *necessary* sometimes to be in *haste*; but always *wrong* to be in a *hurry*. A man in a hurry perplexes himself; he wants to do every thing at once, and does nothing at all.

22. Frequent and loud laughter, is the characteristic of folly and ill manners—it is the manner in which silly people express their joy at silly things.

23. Humming a tune within yourself, drumming with your fingers, making a noise with the feet, whistling, and such aukward habits, are all breaches of good manners, and indications of contempt for the persons present.

24. When you meet people in the street, or in a public place, never stare them full in the face.

25. When you are in company with a stranger, never begin to question him about his name, his place of residence, and his business. This impudent curiosity is the height of ill manners.

26. Some persons apoligize, in a good natured manner, for their inquisitiveness, by an, "If I may be so bold;" "If I may take the liberty;" or, "Pray, Sir, excuse my freedom."—These attempts to excuse one's self, imply that a man thinks *himself* an impudent fellow—and if he does not, other people think he is, and treat him as such.

27. Above all adhere to morals and religion, with immoveable firmness. Whatever effect outward show and

accomplishments may have, in recommending a man to *others*, none but the *good* is really happy in *himself*.

Family Disagreements, *the frequent cause of* Immoral Conduct.

1. AFTER all our complaints of the uncertainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes.

2. And it is a circumstance particularly unhappy, that these irregularities of the temper, are most apt to display themselves at our fire-sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene.

3. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak and ill-natured, when we act in sight of the world; and so very heroically, reserve all our ill-humor for our wives, children, and servants. We are meek, where we might meet with opposition; but feel ourselves undauntedly bold, where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

4. The preservation of the *best* things converts them to the *worst*. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender charities of private life, the gentler affections, which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasurable, find an ample scope for proper exertion.

5. The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursuing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle. Hither they have returned from their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation, as the bird, after fluttering in the air, descends into her nest, to partake and increase its genial warmth with her young ones.

6. Such and so sweet are the comforts of home, when not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best interest to please, often render it a scene of dulness and insipidity.

7. Happy would it be if the evil extended no farther.—But the transition from the negative state of not being pleased, to positive ill-humor, is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise, as nettles vegetate, spontaneously,

where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibly generates many others. Trifles light as air are able to kindle the blaze of contention.

8. By frequent conflicts and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connexions, is entirely lost; and the faint affection which remains, is too feeble to be felt amid the furious operation of the hateful passions.

9. Farewell peace and tranquility, and cheerful converse, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle. The nest, which should preserve a perpetual warmth by the constancy of paternal and conjugal affection, is rendered cold and joyless. In the place of the soft down which should cover it, are substituted thorns and briars.

10. The waters of strife, to make use of the beautiful allusion of scripture, rush in with impetuous violence, and ruffle and discolor that stream, which in its natural and undisturbed current, devolves its waters all smooth and limpid.

11. But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissentions. I mean more particularly to suggest, family dissention, besides all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of moral misconduct.

12. When the several parts which compose a family find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual enjoyment, they are tempted from the strait road of common prudence, to pursue their happiness through a devious wild of passion and imagination.

13. The son, arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his evenings at the domestic fire-side. If he lives in the city he will fly for refuge to company, and in the end, it is very probable he will form some unhappy connexion, which cannot be continued without a plentiful supply of money.

14. Money, it is probable, cannot be procured. What then remains, but to pursue those methods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their proper punishments, pain, shame and death!

15. But though the consequences are not always such as the operation of human laws produce, yet they are always terrible, and destructive of happiness and virtue.

16. Misery is indeed the necessary result of all deviation from rectitude; but early debauchery, early disease, early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of

wretchedness, as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life, when all that is sown takes deep root, and buds and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance.

17. In the disagreements between children and parents, it is certain that the children are usually most culpable.—Their violent passions and defective experience render them disobedient and undutiful. Their love of pleasure operates so violently as often to destroy the source of filial affection.

18. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and perhaps with too little command of temper; for who can always hold the reins? Asperity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues.

19. It is, however, certain, that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavor to render home agreeable, by gentleness and reasonable indulgence: for a man at every age, seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age.

20. He should indeed maintain his authority; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home is rendered pleasing, it will not be long deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

21. What is said of the consequences of domestic disunion to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more heinous in a moral view, particular care should be taken to render them attached to the comforts of the family circle.

22. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange; and will often lose their characters, virtue and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed, the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation. But prudence is necessary in every good cause, as well as zeal; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it is limited and directed by good sense, is the best.

23. It ought, indeed, to be steady, but not rigid; and

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every pleasure which is innocent in itself and its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance, which a delicate and sensible parent will judge necessary to be used in the care of a daughter.

24. To what wickedness as well as wretchedness matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us. When the husband is driven from his home by a termagant, he will seek enjoyment, which is denied him at home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance; nor can female corruption be wondered at, though it must be greatly pitied and regretted, when in the heart of a husband, which love and friendship should warm, hatred is found to rankle.

25. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life most uncomfortable, but leads to desperate dissoluteness, and carelessness in manners, which terminate in the ruin of health, peace and fortune.

26. But it avails little to point out evils without recommending a remedy. One of the first rules which suggests itself is, that families should endeavor, by often and seriously reflecting on the subject, to convince themselves that not only the enjoyments but the virtues of every individual greatly depend on a cordial union.

27. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavor to promote it; and it fortunately happens, that the very wish and attempt of every individual must infallibly secure success. It may, indeed, be difficult to restrain the occasional sallies of temper; but where there is, in the more dispassionate moments, a settled desire to preserve domestic union, the transient violence of passion will not often produce a permanent rupture.

28. It is another most excellent rule, to avoid a gross familiarity, even where the connexion is most intimate. The human heart is so constructed as to love respect. It would indeed be unnatural in very intimate friends, to behave to each other with stiffness; but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, that tend to preserve that degree of esteem, which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt, when it deviates into excessive familiarity.

29. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt and perpetuate affection.

30. But the best and most efficacious rule is, that we should not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practised in public, and in the sight of those from whose applause we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition, or avarice: but that we should be equally attentive to our behavior among those who can only pay us by reciprocal love.

31. We must show the sincerity of our principles and professions by acting consistent with them, not only in the legislature, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public assembly, but at the fire-side.

Self-Tormenting.

1. "DON'T meddle with that gun, Billy," said a careful mother; "if it should go off, it would kill you." "It is not charged, mother," says Will. "Well! but may be," says the good old woman, "it will go off, even if it isn't charged."—"But there is no lock on it, ma'am." "O dear Billy, I am afraid the hollow thing there, the barrel, I think you call it, will shoot, even if there is no lock."

2. Don't laugh at the old lady. Two thirds of our fears and apprehensions of the evils and mischiefs of this life, are just as well founded as her's were in this case.

3. There are many unavoidable evils in life, which it becomes us as men and as Christians, to bear with fortitude; and there is a certain period assigned to us all, and yet dreaded by most of us, wherein we must conflict with death, and finally lose connexion with all things beneath the sun. These things are beyond our utmost power to resist, or sagacity to evade.

4. It is our wisest part, therefore, to prepare to encounter them in such a manner as shall do honor to our profession, and manifest a perfect conformity to that directory on which our profession stands. But why need we anticipate unavoidable evils, and "*feel* a thousand deaths by *fearing* one?"

5. Why need a woman be everlastingly burying her children, in her imagination, and spend her whole time in a fancied course of bereavement, because they are mortal, and must die some time or other? A divine teacher says, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" but we put new and unnecessary gall in all the bitter cups we have to

drink in life, by artfully mixing, sipping, and smelling beforehand: like the squeamish patient, who by viewing and thinking of his physic, brings a greater distress and burden on his stomach, before he takes it, than the physic itself could ever have done.

6. I would have people be more careful of fire-arms than they are: but I don't take a gun barrel, unconnected with powder and lock, to be more dangerous than a broomstick.

7. Sergeant *Tremble* and his wife, during the time of general health, feel as easy and secure as if their children were immortal. Now and then a neighbor drops off with the consumption, or an apoplexy; but that makes no impression, as all their children are plump and hearty.

8. If there are no cancers, dysenteries, small-pox, bladders in the throat, and such like things to be heard of, they almost bid defiance to death; but the moment information was given that a child six miles off, had the throat distemper, all comfort bade adieu to the house, and the misery then endured from dreadful apprehensions, lest the disease should enter the family, is unspeakable.

9. The old sergeant thought that when the wind blew from that quarter, he could smell the infection, and therefore ordered the children to keep house, and drink wormwood and rum, as a preservative against contagion. As for Mrs. Tremble, her mind was in a state of never ceasing agitation at that time: a specimen of the common situation of the family is as follows:

10. *Susy*, your eyes look heavy, you don't feel a sore throat, do you? Husband, I heard *Tommy* cough in the bed room just now. I'm afraid the distemper is beginning in his vitals, let us get up and light a candle. You don't begin to feel any sore on your tongue or your mouth, do you, my dear little chicken? It seems to me *Molly* did not eat her breakfast with so good a stomach this morning as she used to do. I'm in distress for fear she has got the distemper coming on.

11. The house was one day a perfect Bedlam; for having heard that rue and rum was an excellent guard in their present danger, the good lady dispensed the catholicon so liberally among her children one morning, that not a soul of them could eat all day; *Tom* vomited heartily; *Sue* looked as red as fire, and *Molly* as pale as death.

12. O! what terrors, and heart achings, till the force of

the medicine was over! To be short, the child that had the distemper died; and no other child was heard of in those parts, to have it; so that tranquillity and security were restored to Mr. *Tremble's* family, and their children regarded as formerly, proof against mortality.

13. Mrs. *Foresight* keeps her mind in a continual state of distress and uneasiness, from a prospect of awful disasters that she is forewarned of by dreams, signs and omens. This, by the way, is affronting behavior to common sense, and implies a greater reflection upon some of the divine perfections, than some well meaning people are aware of.

14. The good woman look'd exceedingly melancholy at breakfast, one day last week, and appeared to have lost her appetite. After some enquiry into the cause of so mournful a visage, we were given to understand that she foresaw the death of some one in the family; having had warning in the night by a certain noise that she never knew fail; and then she went on to tell how such a thing happened before the death of her father, and mother, and sister, &c.

15. I endeavored to argue her out of this whimsical, gloomy state of mind, but in vain. She insisted upon it, that though the noise lasted scarce a minute, it began like the dying shriek of an infant, and went on like the tumbling clods upon a coffin, and ended in the ringing of the bell.

16. The poor woman wept bitterly for the loss of the child that was to die: however, she found afterwards, occasion for uneasiness on another account. The cat unluckily shut up in the buttery, and dissatisfied with so long confinement, gave forth that dying shriek, which first produced the good woman's consternation; and then by some sudden effort to get out at a grate at the upper part of the room, overset a large pewter platter; the platter in its way overset a large wooden bowl full of milk, and both together in their way knock'd down a white stone dish of salmon, which came with them into a great brass kettle that stood upon the floor.

17. The noise of the cat might easily be taken for that of a child, and the sound of a salmon upon a board, for that of a clod; and any mortal may be excused for thinking that a pewter platter and a great earthen dish, broken in fifty pieces, both tumbling into a brass kettle, sound like a bell.

History of Columbus.

1. EVERY circumstance relating to the discovery and settlement of America, is an interesting object of enquiry. Yet it is presumed, from the present state of literature in this country, that many persons are but slightly acquainted with the character of that man, whose extraordinary genius led him to the discovery of the continent, and whose singular sufferings ought to excite the indignation of the world.

2. Christopher Columbus was born in the Republic of Genoa, about the year 1447; at a time when the navigation of Europe was scarcely extended beyond the limits of the Mediterranean.

3. The mariner's compass had been invented, and in common use for more than a century; yet with the help of this sure guide, prompted by the most ardent spirit of discovery, encouraged by the patronage of princes, the mariners of those days rarely ventured from the sight of land.

4. They acquired great applause by sailing along the coast of Africa and discovering some of the neighboring islands; and after pushing their researches with the greatest industry and perseverance for more than half a century, the Portuguese, who were the most fortunate and enterprising, extended their discoveries southward no farther than the equator.

5. The rich commodities of the east had for several ages been brought into Europe by the way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; and it had now become the object of the Portuguese to find a passage to India, by sailing round the southern extremity of Africa, and then taking an eastern course.

6. This great object engaged the general attention of mankind, and drew into the Portuguese service, adventurers from every maritime nation of Europe. Every year added to their experience in navigation, and seemed to promise a reward to their industry.

7. The prospect, however, of arriving in the Indies, was extremely distant; fifty years perseverance in the same tract, had brought them only to the equator; and it was probable that as many more would elapse before they could accomplish their purpose. But Columbus, by an uncommon exertion of genius, formed a design no less

astonishing to the age in which he lived, than beneficial to posterity.

8. This design was to sail to India by taking a western direction. By the accounts of travellers who had visited India, that country seemed almost without limits on the east: and by attending to the spherical figure of the earth, Columbus drew this conclusion, that the Atlantic Ocean must be bounded on the west either by India itself, or by some great continent not far distant from it.

9. This extraordinary man, who was now about twenty-seven years of age, appears to have united in his character, every trait, and to have possessed every talent requisite to form and execute the greatest enterprises.

10. He was early educated in all the useful sciences that were taught in the day. He had made great proficiency in geography, astronomy and drawing, as they were necessary to his favorite pursuit of navigation. He had now been a number of years in the service of the Portuguese, and had acquired all the experience that their voyages and discoveries could afford.

11. His courage and perseverance had been put to the severest test, and the exercise of every amiable and heroic virtue rendered him universally known and respected. He had married a Portuguese lady by whom he had two sons, Diego and Ferdinand; the younger of whom is the historian of his life.

12. Such was the situation of Columbus, when he formed and thoroughly digested a plan, which in its operation and consequences, unfolded to the view of mankind one half of the globe, diffused wealth and dignity over the other, and extended commerce and civilization through the whole.

13. To corroborate the theory which he had formed of the existence of a western continent, his discerning mind, which always knew the application of every circumstance that fell in its way, had observed several facts which by others would have passed unnoticed. In his voyages to the African Islands, he had found floating ashore, after a long western storm, pieces of wood carved in a curious manner, canes of a size unknown in that quarter of the world, and human bodies with very singular features.

14. Fully confirmed in the opinion that a considerable portion of the earth was still undiscovered, his genius was too vigorous and persevering to suffer an idea of this im-

portance to rest merely in speculation, as it had done in the minds of Plato and Seneca, who appeared to have had conjectures of a similar nature.

15. He determined, therefore, to bring his favorite theory to the test of actual experiment. But an object of that magnitude required the patronage of a Prince; and a design so extraordinary met with all the obstructions, delay and disappointments, which an age of superstition could invent, and which personal jealousy and malice could magnify and encourage.

16. Happily for mankind, in this instance, a genius capable of devising the greatest undertakings, associated in itself a degree of patience and enterprise, modesty and confidence, which rendered him superior not only to these misfortunes, but to all the future calamities of his life.

17. Prompted by the most ardent enthusiasm to be the discoverer of new continents; and fully sensible of the advantages that would result to mankind from such discoveries, he had the mortification to waste away eighteen years of his life, after his system was well established in his own mind, before he could obtain the means of executing his designs.

18. The greatest part of this period was spent in successive and fruitless solicitations, at Genoa, Portugal and Spain. As a duty to his native country, he made the first proposal to the Senate of Genoa, where it was soon rejected.

19. Conscious of the truth of his theory and of his own ability to execute his design, he retired without dejection from a body of men who were incapable of forming any just ideas upon the subject; and applied with fresh confidence to John the second, King of Portugal, who had distinguished himself as a great patron of navigation, and in whose service Columbus had acquired a reputation which entitled him and his project to general confidence and approbation.

20. But here he suffered an insult much greater than a direct refusal. After referring the examination of his scheme to the council who had the direction of naval affairs, and drawing from him his general ideas of the length of the voyage and the course he meant to take, that great monarch had the meanness to conspire with the council to rob Columbus of the glory and advantage he expected to derive om his undertaking.

21. While Columbus was amused with this negotiation, in hopes of having his scheme adopted and patronized, a vessel was secretly dispatched, by order of the king, to make the intended discovery. Want of skill and perseverance in the pilot rendered the plot unsuccessful; and Columbus, on discovering the treachery, retired with an ingenious indignation, from a court capable of such duplicity.

22. Having now performed what was due to the country that gave him birth, and to the one that adopted him as a subject, he was at liberty to court the patronage of any prince who should have the wisdom and justice to accept his proposal.

23. He had communicated his ideas to his brother Bartholomew, whom he sent to England to negotiate with Henry the seventh; at the same time that he went himself into Spain, to apply in person to Ferdinand and Isabella, who governed the United Kingdoms of Arragon and Castile.

24. The circumstances of his brother's application in England, which appears to have been unsuccessful, it is not my purpose to relate; and the limits prescribed to this sketch, will prevent the detail of all the particulars relating to his own negotiation in Spain.

25. In this negotiation, Columbus spent eight years in the various agitations of suspense, expectation, and disappointment; till at length his scheme was adopted by Isabella, who undertook, as queen of Castile, to defray the expenses of the expedition; and declared herself ever after, the friend and patron of the hero who projected it.

26. Columbus, who, during all his ill success in the negotiation, never abated any thing of the honors and emoluments which he expected to acquire in his expedition, obtained from Ferdinand and Isabella a full stipulation of every article contained in his first proposals.

27. He was constituted high Admiral and Viceroy of all the seas, islands, and continents which he should discover, with power to receive one tenth of the profits arising from their productions and commerce. These offices and emoluments were to be hereditary in his family.

28. These articles being adjusted, the preparations for the voyage were brought forward with rapidity, but they were by no means adequate to the importance of the ex-

on. Three small vessels, scarcely sufficient in size to ployed in the coasting business, were appointed to tra- the vast Atlantic; and to encounter the storms and its that might be expected in so lengthy a voyage, gh distant and unknown seas.

These vessels, as might be expected in the infancy igation, were ill-constructed, in a poor condition, and ed by seamen unaccustomed to distant voyages. But dious length of time which Columbus had spent in so- ion and suspense, and the prospect of being able soon ain the object of his wishes, induced him to overlook he could not easily remedy, and led him to disregard circumstances which would have intimidated any oth- nd.

He accordingly equipped his small squadron with as expedition as possible, manned with ninety men, and lied for one year. With these, on the third of Au- 1492, amidst a vast crowd of anxious spectators, he il on an enterprise, which, if we consider the ill con- of his ships, the inexperience of his sailors, the length ncertainty of his voyage, and the consequences that d from it, was the most daring and important that ever ndertaken.

. He touched at some of the Portuguese settlements e Canary Isles, where, although he had but a few days he found his vessels needed refitting. He soon made ecessary repairs, and took his departure from the west- st islands that had hitherto been discovered. Here he he former tract of navigation, and steered his course vest.

. Not many days after he had been to sea, he began to rience a new scene of difficulty. The sailors now be- o contemplate the dangers and uncertain issue of a voy- the nature and length of which was left entirely to con- re.

. Besides the fickleness and timidity, natural to men customed to the discipline of a seafaring life, several nstances contributed to inspire an obstinate and muti- disposition, which required the most consummate art, ll as fortitude in the admiral to control.

. Having been three weeks at sea, and experienced the rm course of the trade winds, which always blow in stern direction, they contended, that should they

continue the same course for a longer period, the same wind would never permit them to return to Spain.

35. The magnetic needle began to vary its direction.—This being the first time that phenomenon was ever discovered, it was viewed by the sailors with astonishment, and considered as an indication that nature herself had changed her course, and that Providence was determined to punish their audacity, in venturing so far beyond the ordinary bounds of man.

36. They declared that the commands of their sovereign had been fully obeyed in their proceeding so many days in the same direction, and so far surpassing the attempts of all former navigators, in quest of new discoveries. Every talent, requisite for governing, soothing, and tempering the passions of men, is conspicuous in the conduct of Columbus on this occasion.

37. The dignity and affability of his manners, his surprising knowledge and experience in naval affairs, his unwearied and minute attention to the duties of his command, gave him a complete ascendancy over the minds of his men, and inspired that degree of confidence which would have retained his authority in almost any possible circumstances.

38. But here, from the nature of the undertaking, every man had leisure to feed his imagination with all the gloominess and uncertainty of the prospect. They found every day, that the same steady gales carried them with great rapidity from their native country, and indeed from all countries of which they had any knowledge.

39. Notwithstanding all the variety of management, with which Columbus addressed himself to their passions, sometimes by soothing them with the prognostics of discovering land, sometimes by flattering their ambition and feasting their avarice with the glory and wealth they would acquire from discovering those rich countries beyond the Atlantic, and sometimes by threatening them the displeasure of their sovereign, should timidity and disobedience defeat so great a ject; their uneasiness still increased.

From secret whispering, it arose to open mutiny, and d erous conspiracy. At length they determined to rid tl iselves of the remonstrances of Columbus, by throwing h into the sea. The infection spread from ship to ship, s volved officers as well as common sailors.

1. They finally lost all sense of subordination, and address- their commander in an insolent manner, demanding to conducted immediately back to Spain; or they assured they would seek their own safety by taking away his Columbus, whose sagacity and penetration had dis- cred every symptom of the disorder, was prepared for last stage of it, and was sufficiently apprised of the dan- that awaited him. He found it vain to contend with sions he could no longer controul.

2. He therefore proposed that they should obey his or- for three days longer, and, should they not discover in that time, he would then direct his course for Spain.

3. They complied with this proposal; and, happily for mkind, in three days they discovered land. This was a ll island, to which Columbus gave the name of San Sal- or. Their first interview with the natives was a scene of sement and compassion on the one part, and of aston- ment and adoration on the other.

4. The natives were entirely naked, simple and timo- ; and they viewed the Spaniards as a superior order of gs, descended from the sun, which, in that island, and ost parts of America, was worshipped as a Deity. It was easy for Columbus to perceive the line of con- proper to be observed toward that simple and inoffen- people.

5. Had his companions and successors of the Spanish n, possessed the wisdom and humanity of that discov- , the benevolent mind would feel no sensations of regret, ntemplating the extensive advantages arising to man- from the discovery of America.

6. In this voyage, Columbus discovered the islands of a and Hispaniola; on the latter of which he erected a ll fort, and having left a garrison of thirty-eight men, r the command of an officer by the name of Araua, he ail for Spain. Returning across the Atlantic, he was taken by a violent storm, which lasted several days, and eased to such a degree, as baffled all his naval skill, and tened immediate destruction.

7. In this situation, when all were in a state of despair, it was expected that every sea would swallow up the y vessel, he manifested a serenity and presence of l, perhaps never equalled in cases of like extremi- He wrote a short account of his voyage, and the dis-

coveries he had made, wrapped it in an oiled cloth, enclosed it in a cake of wax, put it into an empty cask, and threw it overboard, in hopes that some accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world.

48. The storm, however, abated, and he at length arrived in Spain; after having been driven by stress of weather, into the port of Lisbon, where he had an opportunity, in an interview with the king of Portugal, to prove the truth of his system, by arguments more convincing than those he had before advanced, in the character of an humble and unsuccessful suitor.

49. He was received every where in Spain with royal honors, his family was ennobled, and his former stipulations respecting his offices and emoluments, were ratified in the most solemn manner by Ferdinand and Isabella; while all Europe resounded his praises, and reciprocated their joy and congratulations on the discovery of a new world.

50. The immediate consequence of this, was a second voyage; in which Columbus took charge of a squadron of seventeen ships of considerable burthen. Volunteers of all ranks and conditions, solicited to be employed in this expedition. He carried over 1500 persons, together with all the necessaries for establishing a colony, and extending the discoveries.

51. In this voyage he explored most of the West-India islands; but on his arrival at Hispaniola, he found the garrison he had left there had been totally destroyed by the natives, and the fort demolished. He however proceeded in the planting of his colony, and by his prudent and humane conduct towards the natives, he effectually established the Spanish authority in that island.

52. But while he was thus laying the foundations of their future grandeur in South America, some discontented persons, who had returned from the colony to Spain, together with his former enemies in that kingdom, conspired to accomplish his ruin.

53. They represented his conduct in such a light at court, as to create an uneasiness and distrust in the jealous mind of Ferdinand, and made it necessary for Columbus again to return to Spain, in order to counteract their machinations and to obtain such further supplies as were

ssary to his great political and benevolent purpo-

. On his arrival at court, and stating with his usual
ty and confidence the whole history of his transactions
id, every thing wore a favorable appearance. He was
ved with usual honors, and again solicited to take charge
other squadron, to carry out further supplies, to pursue
iscoveries, and in every respect to use his discretion in
nding the Spanish Empire in the New World. In this
l voyage he discovered the continent of America, at the
th of the river Oronoke.

5. He rectified many disorders in his government of
aniola, which had happened in his absence; and every
s was going on in a prosperous train, when an event
announced to him, which completed his own ruin, and
a fatal turn to the Spanish policy and conduct in Amer-

This was the arrival of Francis de Bovadilla, with a
mission to supercede Columbus in his government;—
with power to arraign him as a criminal, and to judge
s former administration.

5. It seems that by this time the enemies of Columbus,
airing to complete his overthrow by groundless insinu-
n of misconduct, had taken the more effectual method
xciting the jealousy of their sovereigns.

'. From the promising samples of gold and other valu-
commodities brought from America, they took occa-
to represent to the King and Queen, that the prodi-
s wealth and extent of the countries he had discovered,
d soon throw such power into the hands of the Vice-
that he would trample on the royal authority, and bid
nce to the Spanish power.

. These arguments were well calculated for the cold
uspicious temper of Ferdinand, and they must have
some effect upon the mind of Isabella. The consec-
ce was, the appointment of Bovadilla, who had been
nveterate enemy of Columbus, to take the government
his hands. This first tyrant of the Spanish nation in
rica, began his administration by ordering Columbus
it in chains on board a ship, and sending him pris
ain.

. By relaxing all discipline, he introduced disorder
tiousness throughout the colony. He subjected
es to a most miserable servitude, and apportio

These struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who had in her playful moments, dressed the solitary scene, as if for her own amusement.

4. But we had as yet seen a few only of the wonders of the place; being introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and one of the natives assured us it contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling down the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, with a flambeau in his hand, ventured into this narrow aperture.

5. In about fifteen minutes he returned bringing some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither imitate nor equal. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured to accompany the mariner into the opening, about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending by a steep and dangerous way.

6. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre, if I may so call it, still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being furnished with a ladder, flamboes, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening, and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

7. Our candles being now all lighted, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more splendid scene. The roof was all hung with glittering icicles, transparant as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarce reach the lofty and noble ceiling;—
t sides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole
r esented a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an in-
i se profusion of lights.
. The floor consisted of solid marble; and in several
] es magnificent columns, thrones, altars and other ob-
] s appeared, as if nature had intended to mock the cu-

riosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to a thundering loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening.

9. In the midst of this grand and picturesque scenery, rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, which, in some measure, resembled an altar, from which taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks;—and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this sacrament.

10. Below this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern, down which I ventured with my guide, and descended by means of a rope, about fifty paces. Here I found a small spot of level earth, consisting of soft clay, yielding to pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to about the depth of six feet. In this, however, as in the apartment above, were formed numbers of the most elegant chrystals, one of which resembled a table.

11. Upon our leaving this cavern, we discovered an inscription in Greek upon a rock at the mouth, but so far obliterated by time as not to be legible. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had visited this place; but whether he had penetrated into the depth of the cavern, we could not collect from the inscription.

Extraordinary Bells in Russia.

1. THE Russians have a great fondness for bells of an enormous size, and distinguish the sanctity of different days, by the different peals or manner of ringing them. These bells are hung in belfreys, detached from the churches; and do not swing like other bells, but are fixed immoveably to beams, and rung by a rope tied to the clapper, and pulled sideways.

2. One of these bells, in the tower of St. John's church, weighs one hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds, or more than sixty-three tons. It is deemed a meritorious act of religion to present a church with a bell, and the piety of the donor is estimated by the size of the present.

3. The Emperor Boris gave to the Cathedral of Moscow, a bell weighing two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds, or an hundred and forty-four tons. The Empress Ann, determining not to be surpassed in this kind of

ciety, procured a bell to be cast, which weighed four hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds, or two hundred and sixteen tons.

4. This bell was nineteen feet long, and its circumference at the large end twenty-one yards and eleven inches. Its greatest thickness was twenty-three inches. The beam supporting this enormous bell being burnt by accident, it fell, and a fragment was broke out, which left an aperture sufficiently large to admit two men abreast, without stooping.

The Villa of Prince Zartoriski, in Poland, from Coxe's Travels.

1. THE Villa of prince Zartoriski is about three miles from Warsaw, in the midst of a forest. The situation is almost a level, with here and there a gentle slope, which affords an agreeable variety. A river runs through the grounds, which are laid out in the English manner, with a beautiful intermixture of lawn and wood. Walks are cut through the wood, and carried along the side of the water.

2. The house, which stands upon a gentle rise, has the appearance of a cottage, constructed like those of the peasants, with trunks of trees piled upon each other, and thatched with straw. Beside the principal building, occupied by the prince and princess, there are separate cottages for the children and attendants, each of which has its inclosures and small garden. The whole group appears like a village of scattered huts.

3. Other buildings, such as summer houses, pavilions, and rustic sheds, are dispersed over the grounds, and the stables are constructed in the form of a half demolished amphitheatre. Several romantic bridges, rudely composed of the trunks and bent branches of trees, contribute to diversify the rustic scenery.

4. Upon our arrival, we repaired to the principal cottage, where the princess was ready to receive us. We expected to find the inside furnished in the simple style of a peasant's hovel; but were surprised to see every species of elegant magnificence, which riches and taste could collect.

All the apartments are decorated in the most costly manner, but the splendor of the bath room was peculiarly

striking. The sides are covered from top to bottom, with small square pieces of the finest Dresden China, each ornamented with an elegant sprig, and the border and ceiling are painted with beautiful festoons.

6. After we had surveyed all the apartments, we proceeded to an inclosure near the house, surrounded with large blocks of granit heaped one upon another, and fallen trees placed in the most natural and picturesque shapes. From thence we repaired to the several cottages occupied by the children, each of which is fitted up in a different style, but all with equal elegance—the whole exhibiting a striking contrast of simplicity and magnificence.

7. We next walked round the gardens, which are handsomely laid out. We then repaired to a Turkish tent of rich and curious workmanship, pitched in a beautiful retired field near the stables. This tent belonged to the Grand Vizier, and was taken in the late war between the Russians and Turks. Under it was a settee and a carpet spread upon the ground.

8. Here we staid conversing until the dusk of the evening, when the princess led us through the house to a small spot of rising ground, where we were suddenly struck with a most splendid illumination. A rustic bridge, consisting of a single arch over a broad piece of water, was studded with several thousand lamps of different colors.

9. The reflection of this illuminated bridge upon the water, was so strong as to deceive the eye, and gave to the whole the appearance of a brilliant circle suspended in the air. The effect was splendid beyond description, and greatly heightened by the gloom of the forest in the back ground. While we were admiring this delightful scene, a band of music struck up at a little distance, and amused us with an excellent concert.

10. We were led from this enchanting spot across the illuminated bridge to a thatched pavilion, open at the sides and supported by pillars, ornamented with garlands and twisted festoons of flowers. We found within a cold collation, and sat down to a table covered with all sorts of delicacies, with the most costly wines and every species of fruit which nature and art could furnish.

11. The evening was pleasant, the scenery delightful, the fare delicious, and the company in fine spirits; for who could be otherwise, when every circumstance which

taste and ingenuity of our fair hostess could invent, conspired to heighten the entertainment.

12. The collation being ended, we rose from table, which I concluded to be the close of the entertainment, but was agreeably disappointed; the gardens were suddenly illuminated; we ranged about as fancy dictated, and were gratified with the sound of wind instruments, played by persons dispersed in different parts of the garden.

13. Repassing the bridge, we returned to the cottage, when the two eldest daughters of the princess, in Grecian dresses of a most elegant simplicity, performed a Polish and a Cossac dance; the former serious and graceful, the latter comic and lively. The eldest son, then eight years of age, danced a hornepipe with wonderful agility, and afterwards a dance in the manner of the Polish peasants with much humor.

14. It was now past two in the morning; we seemed as if we could stay forever, but as there must be an end of all sublunary joys, we took our leave, expressing our gratitude in language unequal to our feelings. I am satisfied that it seldom falls to the lot of any person, twice in his life, to partake of such a pleasing entertainment.

Source of the Danube.

THE Danube, one of the largest rivers in Europe, has its source in the court yard of a palace belonging to the prince of Furstenberg in Swabia. It proceeds from some small springs bubbling from the ground, and forming a bason of clear water about thirty feet square, from which issues a little brook which is the Danube. Continually augmented by additional streams from the mountains of Switzerland, it swells to a mighty river, on which ships of war may sail, and fleets engage in battle. It pours its waters into the Euxine sea.

Fall of the Rhine.

THE Rhine has its source among the Alps, in the country of the Grisons. At Lauffen, is a cataract re the water tumbles over a rock and falls perpendicy about sixty feet. A scaffolding is erected within the spray of the fall, where the traveller may view this inting scene. A sea of foam rushing down the preci—a cloud of spray rising and spreading to a distan-

the roar of the tumbling waters and the magnificence of the scenery surpass the powers of description.

2. On one side of the river is the castle of Lauffen, upon the edge of the precipice and projecting over the river; near it is a church and some cottages; a cluster of rustic dwellings near the fall; in the back ground, rocks clothed with vines or tufted with hanging wood; a beautiful hamlet upon the summit, skirted with trees; the body of water which seems to rush from the bottom of the rocks; two crags lifting their heads from the midst of the cataract, their tops sprinkled with shrubs, and resting secure on their base, mocking the force of the raging current. Such are the objects which add beauty and grandeur to this stupendous scene.

Lake of Constance.

1. THE Lake called Constance, is one of the boundaries between Germany and Switzerland; fifteen leagues in length, and six in breadth. It is of an oval form, its waters of a greenish hue, and its borders consist of gently rising hills. It is deeper in summer, than in winter, being swelled by streams from the melting snow of the Alps. It abounds with fish, and especially with a large species of trout, larger than a salmon, of a deep blue color on the back and side, and beneath of a silvery white. In spring and summer, the flesh is of a fine red color, and very delicate food.

2. Near this Lake is the town of Constance, in which is still seen the room in which sat the council which condemned to the stake, John Huss, the reformer. Here is also the dungeon in which he was imprisoned, and the stone to which he was chained. But reason has triumphed over bigotry, and this place is now the seat of freedom and liberality.

Bridge of Shaffhausen.

1. THE Rhine at Shaffhausen is rapid, and had destroyed several stone bridges of the firmest construction. A carpenter of Appenzel offered to throw a bridge of a single arch over the river, which is near four hundred feet wide. The magistrates however, would not permit the attempt, but required that it should consist of two arches, with a pier in the middle. The architect obeyed, but con-

structed the bridge in such a manner as to render it uncertain whether the pier aids in supporting the bridge.—— His descendants say that it does not; but more probably it does.

2. This is a hanging bridge of two arches; one of a hundred and ninety feet chord, the other of a hundred and seventy two feet. The road is not over the arches, but on a horizontal line, suspended from the timbers above. The bridge trembles under the feet of the traveler, but has stood a great number of years, and sustains the heaviest loads.

Model of Switzerland.

1. GENERAL PFIFFER, a native of Lucern, has formed a model of the most mountainous parts of Switzerland, representing in miniature, all the mountains, hills, valleys, lakes, rivers, roads, cottages, and the like. The composition is a mixture of clay, lime, charcoal, a little pitch, and a thin coat of wax. It is painted so as to represent every object as it exists in nature. Even the different sorts of trees are distinguished, as well as the stratums of rocks, which have been shaped on the spot, and composed of granit, gravel, calcareous stone or such other substances as compose the real mountains.

2. This model contains one hundred and forty-two compartments, of different forms and sizes, all numbered, and they may be taken apart and put together with as much ease as a dissected map, used by children in learning geography.— It comprehends a space of about fifty-five miles by thirty-three. The dimensions of the model are twenty feet by twelve; each foot of the model representing about two miles and a quarter of territory. An inch of elevation in the model represents about nine hundred feet of elevation in a mountain, and the highest point of the model is about ten inches, representing mountains nine thousand feet high, above the level of the lake of Lucern, which is the central object.

3. The general began this curious work at the age of fifty, and was employed most of his time till seventy, in completing it. To make it perfect, he visited every place which he meant to represent, obtaining an accurate knowledge of every object, and laying down every part in exact proportion. Being suspected as a spy, he was obliged, in some of the Cantons, to work by moonlight, to avoid the

notice of the peasantry. When obliged to ascend mountains where no provision could be procured, he used to drive a few goats along, and subsist on their milk. In this manner, with immense industry, patience and skill, he finally brought his model to be an exact representation of nature.

Singular state of Property.

ON a promontory extending from the western shore of the lake Zug, the property of the soil belongs to the canton of Lucern, the timber to Zug, and the leaves of the trees to Shwitz.

Happy condition of Society.

ON the road that runs along the valley of Muotta, in Shwitz, there are several ranges of shops filled with goods, the prices of which are marked. The owners do not attend these shops, but leave them open; and when any person wants an article, he takes it and leaves the price on the counter. In the evening the owner visits his shop and takes his money. Such an instance of moral rectitude in a society, and of confidence between men, is probably without a parallel in the history of nations.

Account of a Salt Mine in Poland, from Coxe's Travels.

1. IN Welitska, a village about eight miles from Cracow, in Poland, is a celebrated mine sunk in a solid bed of salt. It is at the northern extremity of a spur of the Carpathian mountains.

2. Having fastened hammocks to a large rope, which is used to draw up salt, we seated ourselves in a convenient manner, and were let down gently without any apprehension of danger, about one hundred and sixty yards below the first layer of salt.

3. Quitting our hammocks, we passed along a gradual descent, in some parts of which were broad passages or galleries capable of admitting several carriages abreast; in other parts we descended by steps cut in the solid salt, which had the grandeur and commodiousness of the staircase of a palace.

4. Each of us carried a light, and several guides preceded us with lamps, whose light, shining upon the glittering sides of the mine, was extremely beautiful; but did

fast to beams on the other side. The better to secure these abutments, a thick wall of stone was raised against them.

4. Three of these osier ropes formed the foundation of the bridge, and two others were used, one on each side, as a railing or wall. The floor of this bridge, which was six feet wide, was formed of boards laid across the principal ropes, with battens or cleats to prevent horses from slipping. This bridge of astonishing art and workmanship, was so useful, as to be kept in repair by a tax on the neighboring provinces, and continued for a long period of time, until after the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards.

Story of Serrano, who was cast on a desert island, from Garcillasso.

1. In the voyage of a Spanish fleet to America, a ship foundered in the gulf of Mexico, and one of the men named Serrano saved his life by swimming to an island, which still bears his name. This island is a barren sand, without water, wood, plants or stones. On this dismal spot he was compelled to find subsistence, or submit to perish by hunger.

2. Serrano's ingenuity soon found the means of sustaining life. On the shore he found cockles, shrimps, and other sea animals, which he at first eat raw, for he had no fire. He then caught turtles by turning them on their backs; and cutting their flesh into slices, he dried it in the heat of the sun; using the blood for drink, until he could procure fresh water, which he did by saving the falling rain in the shells of sea animals.

3. His next object was to obtain fire, and was a business of immense difficulty, for want of iron or flint. There was not a stone on the island, but by diving in various places, he at length found two large pebbles, which he brought to an edge by rubbing. He then scraped some threads of his shirt into lint, and with the stones he struck fire, which he enkindled with dry sea weed and some fragments of ships which had been driven ashore. The fire he preserved by carefully sheltering it from the rain. But still he was without a shed for himself, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, he was often obliged to seek relief by plunging in the water.

4. In this wretched state he lived three years, in which time he felt the anguish of seeing several ships pass the

island, without being able to let them know his distress.—At length another man was shipwrecked near the island, and saved his life by swimming to land in the night.—What was the astonishment of these men at meeting! Serrano was covered with hair like a beast—his figure was frightful, and he was frightened himself at the sight of a human being. But the use of speech dispelled their fears, brought them together, and they embraced each other with sighs and lamentations.

5. In this hopeless condition, these partners in common misery, formed an agreement to divide the labor of procuring subsistence; each taking his turn or a certain part of the service. Yet who will believe the fact? These hopeless wretches, who had every possible need of mutual aid and comfort, and stood as it were upon the brink of the grave, could not live together in peace and amity! O man, how frail thy nature! how feeble the powers of thy mind! how little canst thou rely on the strength of reason, or the goodness of thy principles!

6. Yes, it is too true; two men, solitary and forlorn, soon found little jealousies disturbing their harmony, and they were upon the point of fighting! Let this fact teach us how *little* of our peace and security depends on *reason*, and how *much* on *religion* and *government!* Mutual hatred and resentment parted these forlorn wretches, and for a time they separated. At length their wants impelled them to a reconciliation, and taught by necessity to value the advantages of society, they lived together in friendship.

7. Four long years were these outcasts doomed to pick up a scanty living on this barren spot, when a ship discovered them by a smoke, and came to their relief. The last who was shipwrecked died on his voyage to Spain; but Serrano lived to reach his native country. Covered as he was with hair, he refused to be shaved till he had travelled to Germany where the Emperor resided, and had exhibited himself to his prince in his savage dress. Here he recounted his adventures to the Emperor, and received from him a liberal pension. He then suffered himself to be shaved; but returning to America to enjoy his pension, he soon died at Panama.

Bull Fights in Spain.

AMONG the remains of barbarism in Europe is the practice of fighting bulls for public amusement.—On certain days, a sort of theater is erected in the open air, with seats and boxes for the accommodation of a great multitude of spectators, arranged round a spacious plain where the combat is to be exhibited. The bulls intended for the combat are selected and fed for the purpose, as horses are for the races in this country.

2. When the time of exhibition has arrived, the champions who are to engage the bulls, first appear, and walk in a kind of procession round the square; then two officers on horseback, dressed in wigs and black robes, gravely advance to the president of the combat, to ask for an order to begin, and the signal is immediately given.

3. A bull is suddenly turned out of an enclosure, and received with loud acclamations, by the populace. At first he is attacked by the horsemen, dressed in the ancient Spanish manner, and armed with lances. With these they wound and provoke him—he sometimes attempts to escape—the horsemen pursue and goad him, till grown furious, he turns and fiercely repels their attacks.

4. When the bull flies or falls without much opposition, he is hissed like a bad player on a stage; when he boldly returns the charge and threatens the horse or his rider with instant death, the spectators redouble their shouts.—The utmost joy is expressed when the enraged animal gores a horse and compels his rider to seek safety by flight.

5. Sometimes great dogs are let loose upon the bull; these dogs seize him by the neck and ears; the angry bull makes at them with fury, and with his horns throws his enemies, yelping, in the air; they fall stunned and lacerated but quickly return to the charge, and often lay the huge bull bellowing on the ground. If he perishes ignobly, he is hissed as a coward. If he sustains the combat with courage, when he falls, he falls *covered with glory*, and the air resounds with his praises.

6. When the bull has the good fortune to gore a horse and dismount the rider, he will often pursue him, and impelled by rage, will leap over the fence among the spectators. Then terrible is the alarm, and to avoid his fury, crowds rush on crowds, and pressing to places of safety, trample great numbers under their feet.

7. If the champion does not succeed in killing his antagonist, the poor animal, after being tormented to the satisfaction of the spectators, is slain by a person appointed for the purpose. Cruel as this diversion is, it is one of the most popular entertainments in Spain. The days are appointed, and the names of the combatants are announced previously in the public prints, in the manner the English advertise the horses which are to run for a purse or plate. On each day, six bulls sacrificed constitute the entertainment of the morning, and twelve that of the afternoon.

THE MANNER OF FEEDING SHEEP IN SPAIN.

1. SPAIN has always been celebrated for the temperature of its climate, and for rearing some of the best animals of particular species. Among these are its sheep, whose wool is the finest of any that is known, and forms a considerable part of the materials of the best French and English broadcloths.

2. But the manner of subsisting the sheep, is a still greater singularity. The sheep are owned by a few great proprietors, and a great company, called the Mesta, composed of the grandees, who have particular privileges.—Some of the sheep are kept in stationary flocks—but some millions of them are driven every autumn from the mountainous regions of Old Castile, to winter on the more temperate plains of Andalusia and Estramadura.

3. The number of sheep there driven is from three to five millions; and it is remarkable that the owners have the right of pasturage for these sheep, on every common upon the road, to the distance of ninety varas, or about two hundred and forty feet from the highway. Spain feeds from twelve to fifteen millions of sheep, including travelling and stationary flocks, each of which produces about five pounds of wool on an average. But a considerable part of this wool, instead of giving employment to her own people, is exported to France and England.

Remarkable instance of FASTING, from the Philosophical Transactions.

1. IN Scotland about forty years ago, lived a woman in Rossshire, who subsisted many years almost wholly without food. When fifteen years of age, she had an epileptic fit—and after an interval of four years of health, a

second fit of long duration, which occasioned a fever that lasted for several weeks, and deprived her of the use of her eye-lids.

2. She continued in tolerable health for some years, and then had another fit, which was succeeded by a fever. Before her recovery, she stole out of the house and bound some sheaves of corn in a field, which occasioned an indisposition, that confined her to her bed for five years. During this time she seldom spoke, and took scarcely food enough to sustain an infant, and this not without compulsion.

3. At last she refused every kind of food or drink—her jaw was locked, so that her father could only open her mouth a little, to inject a little water or gruel, and this she appeared not to swallow. At one time they gave her a little water from a medicinal spring, which seemed to revive her, and she spoke intelligibly, calling for more water, which was given her.

4. She spoke no more intelligibly for a year, and continued without drink or food—when making some signs, her sister forced her teeth apart, and she drank a pint of water. She then spoke, and on being asked why she did not make signs for what she wanted, she replied, "Why should I, when I have no desire?" It was now supposed she had regained the use of speech, but she soon became silent again.

5. She now continued speechless, and without food or drink for four years—attempts were made to force some liquid into her mouth but it ran out again, and nothing like swallowing could be perceived. Notwithstanding this want of food, she was not greatly emaciated; she slept much, and in sleep was quiet; but when awake made a constant whimpering like an infant, and appeared to have her senses.

6. At length she began to recover, and took a little food and drink; when her parents returning one day from their labors in the field, were surprised to find her setting on her hams, at her mother's wheel, spinning. In this condition she took a little food in this manner—she broke a piece of oatmeal cake in her hand, in small crumbs as persons would to feed chickens, and put these crumbs into an opening made by the loss of two teeth, which had been forced out, in attempting to open her mouth.

7. After her effort to spin, she became pale and ema-

ciated in her whole body, and her physician advised to keep her confined. In this state she continued for some years, taking a little food every day, but not without extreme reluctance and even cries. But to the astonishment of all who knew her, she slowly recovered.

Annual Flood in the Nile.

1. IN Egypt there is no rain in summer, and the fertility of its lands depends on the floods in the celebrated Nile. This great river, which is nearly half a mile in width, has its sources in the mountains of Abyssinia, called mountains of the moon. The rise of its waters is owing to the abundant rains, which fall annually in spring within the tropics.

2. The Nile begins to rise in Egypt about the middle of June or a few days later; the plague, if ever so general and destructive, then ceases suddenly, and joy and health are diffused through Egypt. The water rises till September, then gradually subsides, and in October and November the ground is fit for sowing. The whole rise of water, is from fourteen to eighteen cubits.

3. As the overflowing of this river is essential to the crops in Egypt, and as the river must rise to about sixteen cubits to overflow the cultivated grounds, it is a law of Egypt that no tax or tribute for the Grand Senior can be laid upon the people, unless the water rises to that height. If the flood falls much short of that altitude, a famine follows. If the water rises to eighteen cubits, a scarcity is the consequence, as the ground is not dry in season for sowing. But this seldom happens.

4. The great importance of the annual flood in the Nile, has rendered it necessary to ascertain precisely the rise of the water. Accordingly, on an island opposite to Cairo, is placed a mark, in which is a bason communicating with the Nile. In this stands a pillar, called Mikias, which is a nilometer, on which is marked the exact rise of water every day. After the water has risen six cubits, a cryer is employed to make proclamation daily of the rise of the water.

5. When the river has swelled to sixteen cubits, as marked on the nilometer, the people become liable to pay the public tax, as a good crop is insured. And then is performed the ceremony of cutting the mound of the great canal at Cairo, to let in the water. This is attended with

much solemnity. The bashaw gives the first stroke, in presence of his officers, and a crowd of spectators; and the ceremony is accompanied with music, bonfires, illuminations and every demonstration of joy.

Present state of Jerusalem.

1. THE celebrated city of Jerusalem stands about thirty miles east of the Mediterranean, on a rocky mountain, with steep ascents on all sides, except on the north.—It does not occupy the same ground as the ancient city, for the hill of Sion which used to be included, is now without the city, and Mount Calvary, which was formerly without the city, became so much reverenced after the crucifixion of our Savior, as gradually to draw the inhabitants and pilgrims around it, and it is now near the centre of the city.

2. Jerusalem was formerly much larger than at present. It is now about three miles in circumference, inclosed with walls of no great strength, and having six gates. The private buildings are poor, the streets narrow and crooked, and containing the ruins of ancient edifices. The whole is thinly inhabited, and it contains much unoccupied ground.

3. A Turkish officer resides in the city to collect a tribute, protect the pilgrims, and preserve peace. Great numbers of pilgrims resort annually to this city, to perform their devotions at the holy sepulcher. This is upon Mount Calvary, where a church is erected for the accommodation of pilgrims. The Latins have the exclusive right to say mass in the holy sepulcher, but other christians have the privilege of entering it for their private devotions.

4. The sepulcher was formerly under ground, but the rock is hewed away at the sides, so as to leave the sepulcher in the form of a little chapel, above ground. It is a sort of grotto, hewn out of solid rock, about eight feet square, and lined with white marble. The entrance is by an opening of three feet high and two wide. From regard to the sanctity of the place, every person who enters, must be barefooted. In this tomb, lamps are kept continually burning. On the outside, the chapel is surrounded by ten beautiful pillars of white marble, adjoining the wall and sustaining a cor-

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erusalem stands on a rugged, barren soil, remote from a seaport or great road, and is almost destitute of water. The present inhabitants are estimated at about fourteen

thousand, christians, jews and mahometans. These subsist chiefly by the pilgrims, about fifteen hundred, or two thousand of whom annually visit the holy city. This zeal to visit Jerusalem gave rise to the crusades in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the princes of Europe, with millions of their subjects, travelled to that city, and numerous armies were employed to wrest it out of the hands of infidels; by which some European kingdoms were greatly impoverished. But pilgrimages from Europe have almost ceased; and few are seen to visit this city but Greeks, Armenians, and other Asiatics.

6. The chief traffic of Jerusalem consists in the sale of beads, crosses and sacred relics to the pilgrims. The fabrication of these articles procures subsistence for the greatest part of the inhabitants. Men, women, and children are employed in carving and turning wood and coral, or embroidering silk, with pearls and gold and silver thread. The convent of the holy land alone lays out fifty thousand piasters in these wares. These commodities, rendered saleable by a superstitious veneration for relics, are exported to Turkey, Italy, Portugal and Spain.

Temples in Jerusalem.

1. THE temple designed by David and finished by Solomon, was one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected. It was not a single edifice, like a modern church, but a number of courts connected. It stood on the top of Mount Moriah, and made an exact square of eight hundred cubits—about fourteen hundred and sixty feet on each side, and fronting the four cardinal points.

2. To secure the walls of this immense structure, it was necessary to begin the foundation at the bottom of the mountain, so that the walls were above six hundred feet high.—The stones were of the largest sizes, and so mortised into each other, that the joints could not be seen, and so wedged into the rocks as to be immovable. The whole was surrounded with a battlement of five feet thickness, in which were windows formed with gold wire. Immediately within this, was a terrace walk of ninety feet width, into which strangers were permitted to enter, and here was a sort of exchange, or place for buying and selling.

3. The temple, properly so called, was about a hundred and fifty feet in length, and a hundred in breadth. This

consisted of three parts, the porch, the sanctuary, and the holy of holies. Over the porch was a tower a hundred and twenty cubits high. The sanctuary or nave of the temple contained the altar of incense and the table of shew-bread; the holy of holies, a square of twenty cubits, contained the ark of the covenant, in which were the two tables of stone on which were engraved the ten commandments.

4. This vast edifice which employed one hundred and eighty thousand men for seven years in its construction, was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, four hundred and twenty four years after it was built. After the seventy years of captivity, the Jews returned and built a second temple; but inferior to the first in magnificence. This was destroyed when the city was taken by Titus and the Jews ceased to be a nation.

Mount Sinai.

1. AT the extremity of the valley of Faran, in Arabia, is a range of mountains, called by the Arabians, Gibbel Mousa, the mountains of Moses. One eminence is called *Tursina*, and is supposed to be the Sinai of the scripture. About seven miles from the foot of this mountain stands the convent of St. Catherine, an edifice of a hundred and twenty feet in length, and nearly square. The whole is of hewn stone.

2. In front stands a small building, in which is the only gate of the convent, which is always shut, except when the bishop is present. At other times, whatever is introduced, whether persons or provisions, is raised to the roof in a basket by a pulley. Yet the Arabs say the Monks enter by a subterranean passage. Before the convent is a large garden.

3. No stranger is permitted to enter without permission of the Bishop, who usually resides at Cairo. The monks are supported chiefly by alms, and their provisions, which are collected in Cairo, are often stolen on the way, by the Arabs. The Arabs also fire upon the convent from the neighboring rocks, and often seize the monks when abroad, and make them pay for their ransom.

On the side of this hill is a huge stone, which the Arabs say, is that which Moses divided with his sword to procure water. In this vicinity there are many springs of good water. Fifteen hundred paces above the convent

stands a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and five hundred paces above this, two others, situated on a plain. The whole mountain is ascended by fourteen hundred stone steps, and on the top is a Christian church and a Turkish mosk.—From this spot there is a noble view of the valley of Rephidim and the Red Sea.

Ruins of Palmyra.

1. IN the barren plains of Syria, south east of Aleppo, and nearly at an equal distance between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, are to be seen the stupendous ruins of the magnificent city of Palmyra. This city, it is conjectured, was the Tadmore of the wilderness, built, or more probably enlarged and fortified by Solomon. It stood at the point formed by the approach of two converging hills, which furnish two springs of water, without which the place would not be habitable.

2. It is probable that this city was built and supported by the profits of a lucrative trade carried on by caravans between Syria and the Persian gulf. It rose to a state of unequalled splendor and wealth, as is evident from its ruins. It was reduced under the power of the Romans by the Emperor Trajan. It revolted under its Prince Odenaihus—but this prince being slain by his nephew, the sovereignty devolved on Zenobia, his wife, a woman of remarkable intrepidity, who withstood for a time the power of Rome. But Zenobia was at last conquered, and taken prisoner, and a Roman garrison left in Palmyra. A second revolt provoked Aurelian to destroy the city, and in this catastrophe perished the elegant critic, Longinus.

3. As the traveller approaches these ruins, he is struck with astonishment at the number, size and beauty of the white marble columns, some of them standing, others fallen or defaced, which form a range of twenty-six hundred yards. In one place, he sees the walls of a ruined palace; in another, the peristyle of a temple, half destroyed; on one side, a portico, a gallery or triumphal arch; on the other, a group of magnificent columns. On all sides he is surrounded with subverted shafts, some entire, others broken: the earth is strewed with vast stones, half buried, with broken entablatures, damaged capitals, mutilated friezes, violated tombs, and altars defiled with dust.

4. But the spectator's curiosity will be arrested by

majestic remains of the Temple of the Sun. This noble edifice covered a square of two hundred and twenty yards. It was encompassed with a stately wall, built with large square stones, and adorned with pilasters, within and without, to the number of sixty-two. Within the court are the remains of two rows of marble pillars, thirty-seven feet high, with capitals of exquisite workmanship. Of these, fifty-eight remain entire. This edifice stands in the direction of the meridian, and on the west is a magnificent entrance, on the sides of which are vines and clusters of grapes, carved in the most masterly imitation of nature.

5. North of this place is an obelisk, about fifty feet high, consisting of seven large stones, besides its capital. About a hundred paces from the obelisk, is a magnificent entry into a piazza, forty feet broad, and more than a half a mile in length, inclosed with two rows of marble pillars, twenty-six feet high, and each nine feet in compass. Of these, one hundred and twenty-nine remain, and by computation, the whole number must have been five hundred and sixty.—Such majestic ruins, in the midst of a desert, and inhabited only by a few miserable Arabs, whose huts are scattered among vast and splendid columns of marble, awaken in the mind the most melancholy reflections upon the instability of all human greatness.

Of the Pyramids in Egypt.

1. ABOUT twelve miles from Cairo, the metropolis of Egypt, and on the opposite or west side of the Nile, stand the Pyramids, about ten miles from the site of the ancient Memphis. The large ones are three in number, situated upon a ridge of rocky hills, on the border of the Lybian desert. This ridge rises from the plains of Egypt about one hundred feet.

2. The largest of these stupendous works, is six hundred feet square at the base, and five hundred feet high, composed of soft calcaerous stone, which also forms the hill where it stands. The whole area covered by this mass of stone is ab t eleven acres of ground. On the outside are steps by w h a person may ascend, but not without danger, as the sto are much decayed, except on the south side. On the to s a level platform, sixteen feet square, where a person m repose and enjoy one of the most extensive prospects o rth.

3. Sixteen steps above the base, there is an entrance into this pyramid, about three feet square, from which is a steep descent of ninety-two feet. Within are spacious galleries, halls, and chambers, lined with Thebaic marble, or porphyry, in stones of a vast size. Within one of these apartments is a tomb of one entire piece of marble, hollowed and uncovered at the top, conjectured to have been the sepulcher of the founder. This tomb, like the pyramid, stands exactly north and south. At what time, by what prince, and for what purpose this and the other pyramids were erected, are questions that are left to conjecture. The common idea is, that they were intended for the tombs of Kings. At any rate, mankind agree that they are durable monuments of the extreme folly, as well as despotism of their founders, and of the miserable slavery of their subjects.

Of Joseph's Well in Cairo.

1. ON the south side of Cairo, is a rocky hill on which stands a castle, within which is an extraordinary well, which supplies the castle with water. This well is dug into a soft rock, to the depth of two hundred and seventy feet. A winding staircase is cut out of the same rock, about six feet wide, but separated from the well by a thickness of half a yard of the rock, to prevent persons from falling into the well, or even looking in, except by small holes, made to let in light.

2. The steps are broad and the descent easy; but persons descending are incommoded by dirt. At the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, is a large chamber or apartment, where oxen are employed to raise the water by means of wheels and machinery. The water being raised to this place, is carried to the top by other wheels, worked also by oxen. From this place the descent is more difficult, the stairs being narrow, and not separated from the shaft of the well by a partition. The water raised from the well is distributed in pipes to different parts of the castle.

Extract from the Oration of Thomas Dawes, *Esq. delivered at Boston, July* 4, 1787.

1. THAT Education is one of the deepest principles of independence, need not be labored in this assembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neis-

ther make the laws nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance the more peace.

2. But in a government where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, *intelligence* is the life of liberty. An American would resent his being denied the use of his musket; he would deprive himself of a stronger safeguard, if he should want that *learning* which is necessary to a knowledge of his constitution.

3. It is easy to see that our agrarian law and the law of education were calculated to make republicans—to make *men*. Servitude could never long consist with the habits of such citizens. Enlightened minds and virtuous manners lead to the gates of glory. The sentiments of independence must have been *connatural* in the bosoms of Americans; and sooner or later must have blazed out into public action.

4. Independence fits the soul of her residence for every noble enterprise of humanity and greatness. Her radient smile lights up celestial ardor in poets and orators, who sound her praises through all ages; in legislators and philosophers who fabricate wise and happy governments as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who shed their lives in sacrifice to her divinity.

5. At this idea do not our minds swell with the memory of those whose godlike virtues have founded her most magnificent temple in America? It is easy for us to maintain her doctrines, at this late day, when there is but *one* party on the subject, an immense people. But what tribute shall we bestow, what sacred pean shall we raise over the tombs of those who dared, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach of majesty, to blow the blast of freedom throughout a subject continent?

6. Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only *express* the emotions of glory; the nature of their principles inspired them with the power of *practice*; and they offered their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capricious urn of their ashes, but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds.

7. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who fell at the straits of Thermopyle, and those who bled on the heights of Charleston, now reap congenial joys in the fields of the blessed.

ELOCUTION.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Boston, March 5, 1772, by Dr. Joseph Warren.

1. WHEN we turn over the historic page, and trace the rise and fall of states and empires; the mighty revolutions which have so often varied the face of the world, strike our minds with solemn surprise, and we are naturally led to search the cause of such astonishing changes.

2. That man is formed for *social life*, is an observation which, upon our first enquiry presents itself to our view. Government has its origin in the weakness of individuals, and hath for its end the *strength* and *security* of all; and so long as the means of effacing this important end are thoroughly known, and religiously attended to, government is one of the richest blessings to mankind, and ought to be held in the highest veneration.

3. In young and new formed communities, the grand design of this institution, is most generally understood, and most strictly regarded; the motives which urged to the social compact cannot be at once forgotten, and *that* equality which is remembered to have subsisted so lately among them, prevents those who are clothed with authority from attempting to invade the freedom of their brethren, or, if such an attempt is made, it prevents the community from suffering the offender to go unpunished.

4. Every member feels it to be his interest, and knows it to be his duty, to preserve inviolate the constitution on which the public safety depends, and is equally ready to assist the *magistrate* in the execution of the laws, and the *subject* in the defence of his right. So long as the noble attachment to a constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, exists in full vigor, in any state, that state must be flourishing and happy.

5. It was this noble attachment to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginnings, to that bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived; and it was the loss of *this* which plunged her from *that* summit, into the black gulph of infamy and slavery.

6. It was *this* attachment which inspired her senators with wisdom; it was *this* which glowed in the breasts of her heroes; it was *this* which guarded her liberties, and extended her dominions, gave peace at home, and com-

manded respect abroad; and when *this* decayed, her magistrates lost their reverence for justice and laws, and degenerated into tyrants and oppressors—her senators, forgetful of their dignity, and seduced by base corruption, betrayed their country—her soldiers, redardless of their relation to the community, and urged *only* by the hopes of plunder and rapine, unfeelingly committed the most flagrant enormities; and hired to the trade of death, with relentless fury they perpetrated the most cruel murders; by which the streets of imperial Rome were drenched with her *noblest* blood.

7. Thus *this empress* of the world lost her dominions abroad, and her inhabitants, desolute in their manners, at length became contented *slaves*; and she stands to this day, the scorn and derision of nations, and a monument of this eternal truth, that *public happiness depends on a virtuous and unshaken attachment to a free constitution.*

8. It was *this* attachment to a constitution founded on free and benevolent principles, which inspired the first settlers of this country; they saw with grief the daring outrages committed on the free constitution of their native land; they knew that nothing but a civil war could at that time restore its pristine purity.

9. So hard was it to resolve to embrue their hands in the blood of their brethren, that they chose rather to quit their fair possessions, and seek another habitation in a distant clime. When they came to this new world, which they fairly purchased of the Indian natives, the only rightful proprietors, they cultivated the then barren soil, by their incessant labor, and defended their dear bought possessions with the fortitude of the Christian, and the bravery of the Hero.

Extract from an Oration, delivered at the North Church in Hartford, at the meeting of the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati, July 4th, 1787, in commemoration of the Independence of the United States. By JOEL BARLOW, ESQ. *Published by desire of said Society.*

MR PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

IN the anniversary of so great an event as the birth of the Empire in which we live, none will question the propriety of passing a few moments in contem-

plating the various objects suggested to the mind by the important occasion.

2. But at the present period, while the blessing claimed by the sword of victory, and promised in the voice of peace, remain to be confirmed by our future exertions; while the nourishment, the growth, and even the existence of our empire, depend upon the united efforts of an extensive and divided people; the duties of this day ascend from amusement and congratulation, to a serious patriotic employment.

3. We are assembled, my friends, not to boast, but to realize; not to inflate our national vanity by a pompous relation of past atchievments in the council or in the field, but from a modest retrospect of the truly dignified part already acted by our countrymen, from an accurate view of our present situation, and from an anticipation of the scenes that remain to be unfolded; to discern and familiarize the duties that still await us as citizens, as soldiers, and as men.

4. Revolutions in other countries have been effected by accident. The faculties of human reason, and the rights of human nature, have been the sport of chance and the prey of ambition. And when indignation has burst the bands of slavery, to the destruction of one tyrant, it was only to impose the manacles of another.

5. This arose from the imperfection of that early stage of society, which necessarily occasioned the foundation of empires, on the eastern continent, to be laid in ignorance, and which induced a total inability of foreseeing the improvements of civilization, or of adapting the government to a state of social refinement.

6. I shall but repeat a common observation, when I remark, that on the western continent the scene was entirely different, and a new task, totally unknown to the legislators of other nations, was imposed upon the fathers of the American empire.

7. Here was a people thinly scattered over an extensive territory, lords of the soil on which they trod, commanding a prodigious length of coast, and an equal breadth of frontier; a people habituated to liberty, professing a mild and benevolent religion, and highly advanced in science and civilization. To conduct such a people in a revolution, the address must be made to reason as well as to the pas-

sions. And to reason, to the clear understanding of these seriously affected colonies, the solemn address was made.

8. A people thus enlightened and capable of discerning the connexion of causes with their remotest effects, waited not the experience of oppression in their own persons;—which they well knew would render them less able to conduct a regular opposition.

9. But in the moment of their greatest prosperity, when every heart expanded with the increasing opulence of the British-American dominions, and every tongue united in the praises of the parent state and her patriot king, when many circumstances concurred which would have rendered an ignorant people secure and inattentive to their future interest; at this moment the eyes of the American argus were opened to the first and most plausible invasion of the colonial rights.

10. In what other age or nation, has a laborious and agricultural people, at ease upon their own farms, secure and distant from the approach of fleets and armies, tide waiters and stamp masters, reasoned before they had felt, and from the dictates of duty and conscience, encountered dangers, distress and poverty, for the sake of securing to posterity a government of independence and peace?

11. The toils of ages, and the fate of millions, were to be sustained by a few hands. The voice of unborn nations called upon them for safety; but it was a still small voice, the voice of rational reflection. Here was no Cromwell to inflame the people with bigotry and zeal, no Cæsar to reward his followers with the spoils of vanquished foes, and no territory to be acquired by conquest.

12. Ambition, superstition and avarice, these universal torches of war, never illumined an American field of battle. But the permanent principles of sober policy spread through the colonies, roused the people to assert their rights, and conduct the revolution.

Extract from Mr. AMES's Speech in Congress, on the subject of executing the Treaty between the United States and Great-Britain.

1. THE consequences of refusing to make provision for the treaty, are not all to be foreseen. By rejecting vast interests are committed to the sport of the wi Chance becomes the arbiter of events, and it is

forbidden to human foresight to count their number, and measure their extent. Before we resolve to leap into this abyss, so dark and so profound, it becomes us to pause and reflect upon such of the dangers as are obvious and inevitable. If this assembly should be wrought into a temper to defy these consequences, it is in vain, it is deceptive to pretend that we can escape them. It is worse than weakness to say, that as to public faith our vote has already settled the question. Another tribunal than our own is already erected. The public opinion, not merely of our own country, but of the enlightened world, will pronounce a judgment that we cannot resist, that we dare not even affect to despise.

2. Well may I urge it to men who know the worth of character, that it is no trivial calamity to have it contested. Refusing to do what the treaty stipulates shall be done, opens the controversy. Even if we should stand justified at last, a character that is vindicated is something worse than it stood before, unquestioned and unquestionably. Like the plaintiff in an action of slander, we recover a reputation disfigured by invective, and even tarnished by too much handling. In the combat for the honor of the nation, it may receive wounds, which, though they should heal, will leave scars. I need not say, for surely the feelings of every bosom have anticipated, that we cannot guard this sense of national honor, this ever living fire which alone keeps patriotism warm in the heart, with a sensibility too vigilant and jealous.

3. If, by executing the treaty, there is no possibility of dishonor, and if, by rejecting, there is some foundation for doubt and for reproach, it is not for me to measure, it is for your own feelings to estimate, the vast distance that divides the one side of the alternative from the other.

4. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue and their standard of action.

5. It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and

to inspire in its stead a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

6. What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread intitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him, he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

7. I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows—if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loth, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others res-

pect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligation of good faith.

8. It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose original right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition that Great-Britain refuse to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him—he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power—blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor. Such a nation might truly say, to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

9. The refusal of the posts (inevitably if we reject the treaty) is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. A plain and obvious one will be, the price of the western lands will fall. Settlers will not choose to fix their habitation on a field of battle. Those who talk so much of the interest of the United States should calculate how deeply it will be affected by rejecting the treaty—how vast a tract of wild land will almost cease to be property. This loss, let it be observed, will fall upon a fund expressly devoted to sink the national debt. What then are we called upon to do? However the form of the vote and the protestations of many may disguise the proceeding, our resolution is in substance, and it deserves to wear the title of a resolution to prevent the sale of the western lands and the discharge of the public debt.

10. Will the tendency to Indian hostility be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. The frontiers

were scourged with war till the negotiation with Great-Britain was far advanced, and then the state of hostility ceased. Perhaps the public agents of both nations were innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they were not. We ought not, however, to expect that neighboring nations, highly irritated against each other, will neglect the friendship of the savages; the traders will gain an influence and will abuse it—and who is ignorant that their passions are easily raised and hardly restrained from violence? Their situation will oblige them to choose between this country and Great-Britain in case the treaty should be rejected. They will not be our friends and at the same time the friends of our enemies.

11. If any, against all these proofs should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be staple without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the conviction of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be a peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

12. On this theme my emotions are unutterable: If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security. Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfields. You are a mother—the war hoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

13. On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language compared with which all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid.

14. Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings no practical influence, no binding force?—Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harrangue from the windows of that state house? I trust it is neither too presumptious nor too late to ask—can you put the dearest interests of society at risk without guilt and without remorse?

15. By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires—we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches who will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable—and if duty is any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience is not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

16. There is no mistake in this case; there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us.—The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west winds—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

17. Look again at this state of things—on the sea coast, vast losses uncompensated—on the frontier, Indian war, actual encroachment on our territory. Every where discontent; resentments tenfold more fierce because they

will be impotent and humble. National discord and abasement.

18. The disputes of the old treaty of 1783, being left to rankle, will revive the almost extinguished animosities of that period. Wars in all countries, and most of all in such as are free, arise from the impetuosity of the public feelings. The despotism of Turkey is often obliged by clamor to unsheath the sword. War might perhaps be delayed, but could not be prevented. The causes of it would remain, would be aggravated, would be multiplied, and soon become intolerable. More captures, more impressments, would swell the list of our wrongs, and the current of our rage. I make no calculation of the arts of those whose employment it had been, on former occasions, to fan the fire. I say nothing of the foreign money and emissaries that might foment the spirit of hostility, because the state of things will naturally run to violence. With less than their former exertion, they would be successful.

19. Will our government be able to temper and restrain the turbulence of such a crisis? The government, alas, will be in no capacity to govern. A divided people; and divided councils! Shall we cherish the spirit of peace or shew the energies of war? Shall we make our adversary afraid of our strength, or dispose him, by the measures of resentment and broken faith, to respect our rights? Do gentlemen rely on the state of peace because both nations will be worse disposed to keep it? Because injuries and insults still harder to endure, will be mutually offered?

20. Such a state of things will exist, if we should long avoid war, as will be worse than war. Peace without security, accumulation of injury without redress, or the hope of it, resentment against the aggressor, contempt for ourselves, intestine discord and anarchy. Worse than this need not be apprehended, for if worse could happen, anarchy would bring it. Is this the peace gentlemen undertake with such fearless confidence, to maintain? Is this the station of American dignity, which the high spirited champions of our *national independence* and *honor* could endure—nay, which they are anxious and almost violent to seize for the country? What is there in the treaty that could humble us so low? Are they the men to swallow their resentments, who so lately were choaking with them?

If in this case contemplated by them, it should be peace, I do not hesitate to declare it ought not to be peace.

21. Is there any thing in the prospect of the interior state of the country, to encourage us to aggravate the dangers of war? Would not the shock of that evil produce another, and shake down the feeble and then unbraced structure of our government? Is this the chimera? Is it going off the ground of matter of fact to say, the rejection of the appropriation proceeds upon the doctrin of a civil war of the departments? Two branches have ratified a treaty, and we are going to set it aside. How is this disorder in the machine to be rectified? While it exists, its movements must stop, and when we talk of a remedy, is that any other than the formidable one of a revolutionary interposition of the people? And is this, in the judgment even of my opposers, *to execute*, *to preserve* the constitution, and the public order? Is this the state of hazard, if not of convulsion, which they can have the courage to contemplate and to brave, or beyond which their penetration can reach and see the issue? They seem to believe, and they act as if they believed that our union, our peace, our liberty are invulnerable and immortal—as if our happy state was not to be disturbed by our dissension, and that we are not capable of falling from it by our unworthiness. Some of them have no doubt better nerves and better discernment than mine. They can see the bright aspects and happy consequences of all this array of horrors. They can see the intestine discords, our government disorganized, our wrongs aggravated, multiplied and unredressed, peace with dishonor, or war without justice, union or resources in, "*the calm lights of mild philosophy.*"

22. Let me cheer the mind, weary no doubt, and ready to despond on this prospect, by presenting another which it is yet in our power to realize. Is it possible for a real American to look at the prosperity of this country without some desire for its continuance, without some respect for the measures which, many will say, produced, and all will confess have preserved it? Will he not feel some dread that a change of system will reverse the scene? The well grounded fears of our citizens in 1794 were removed by the treaty, but are not forgotten. Then they deemed war nearly inevitable, and would not this adjustment have been considered at that day as a happy escape from the

calamity? The great interest and the general desire of our people was to enjoy the advantages of neutrality.—— This instrument, however misrepresented, affords America that inestimable security. The causes of our disputes are either cut up by the roots, or referred to a new negociation, after the end of the European war. This was gaining every thing, because it confirmed our neutrality by which our citizens are gaining every thing. This alone would justify the engagements of the government. For, when the fiery vapors of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were concentered in this one, that we might escape the desolation of the storm. This treaty like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging, and afforded at the same time the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war.

23. Let us not hesitate then to agree to the appropriation to carry it into a faithful execution. Thus we shall save the faith of our nation, secure its peace and diffuse the spirit of confidence and enterprise that will augment its prosperity. The progress of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and some will think, too rapid. The field for exertion is faithful and vast, and if peace and good government should be preserved, the acquisition of our citizens are not so pleasing as the proof of their industry, as the instruments of their future success. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vast crop of our neutrality is all seed wheat, and is sown again to swell, almost beyond calculation, the future harvest of prosperity. And in this progress, what seems to be fiction, is found to fall short of experience.

24. I rose to speak under impressions that I would have resisted if I could. Those who see me will believe that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, almost equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the resolution I had taken to sit silent was imposed by necessity, and would cost me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and sinking as I really am, under a sense of weakness, I imagined the very desire of speaking was extinguished by

12. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids me to describe; nor will I by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity.

13. And these his atrocious crimes, have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. Having, by his iniquitious sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome," which has often, in the most distant regions and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary brought upon them a speedier and more severe punishment.

14. I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them?

15. What punishment then ought to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked pretor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison, at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape.

16. The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked pretor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy.

17. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen—I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence."—

blood thirsty pretor, deaf to all he could urge in his

own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging, whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!"

18. With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy: But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

19. O liberty!—O sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! Once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this?

20. Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his own power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen?

21. Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

22. I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom, and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Speech of Canuleius, a Roman tribune to the consuls; in which he demands that the Plebians may be admitted into the Consulship; and that the law prohibiting Patricians and Plebians from intermarrying, may be repealed.

1. WHAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? Inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city.

2. Are we, because we are commoners to be worse

treated than strangers! and when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe was falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate house.

3. What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? Must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could would deprive you of the common light.

4. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome.

5. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue.

6. In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race or descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of our kings? And supposing now, that a Plebian should have their talent and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

7. But, "we find upon the abolition of the legal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius' day, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the officers of tribunes, ediles, questors.

8. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of patricians and plebians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? And a most shameful one it is, in a free state.

9. Such marriages, it seems will taint the pure blood

of the nobility! Why if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles.

10. There is no need to fear that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebians, what is this but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

11. They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going; or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market place.

12. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know that their children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let them be a patrician or a plebian? In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they, who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering.

13. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can at their pleasure either make a law or repeal one.

14. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to enlist them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages by leading them into the field?

15. Hear me, consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of is true, or whether it is only a false rumor spread abroad for nothing but a color to send the people out of the city, I declare as a tribune, that this people who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defense and its glory, if they may be re- d to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat u e strangers in our own country.

But if you account us unworthy of your alliance by i marriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the c f offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit i ferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates

the senate alone; talk of wars as much as ever you ease; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and wer of your enemies, ten times more dreadful than you now, I declare that this people whom you so much desse, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your ctories, shall never more enlist themselves; not a man of em shall take arms! not a man of them shall expose his e for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share e dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance marriage.

PEECH of PUBLIUS SCIPIO, to the ROMAN ARMY, before the battle of the Ticin.

WERE you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any ing to you at this time; for what occasion could there be use exhortation to cavalry that had so signally vanquished e squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a ttle, did in effect confess themselves conquered.

2. But, as these troops having been enrolled for Spain, e there with my brother Cneus, making war under my spices, (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome) that you might have a consul for your captain against nnibal and the Carthagenians, have freely offered myself this war. You then have a new general; and I a new ny. On this account, a few words from me to you will ther be improper or unseasonable.

3. That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enees you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared m them; they are the very same, whomin a former war vanquished both by land and sea; the same from whom took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been these twenears your tributaries.

4. You will not, I presume, march against these men with only that courage with which you are wont to face enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise against you.

5. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but neity that urges them to battle; unless you can believe those, who avoid fighting when their army was en-

tire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two thirds of their horse and foot in passing the Alps.

6. But you have heard, perhaps, that though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts, and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigor as nothing is able to resist. Mere effigies! nay shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken and their horses weak and foundered!—Such are the cavalry and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies.

7. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps before we had any conflict with him. But perhaps it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and leader who had violated leagues and convenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who next to the gods have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

8. I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going to Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreadful Asdrubal, not Hannibal to deal with.

9. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps.

10. Was it then my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal, and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? Or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat?

11. I would gladly try whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthagenians; or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom at Eryx, you suffered to

redeem themselves at eighteen denarii a head; whether this Hannibal, for labors and journeys is, as he would be thought the rival of Hercules; or whether he is what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people.

12. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and in a few days have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication we pardoned them, we released them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered.

13. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them as a people under our protection; And what is the return they make us for all these favors? Under the conduct of a hair brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.

14. I could wish indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself; nor is there behind us another army, which if we should not prove conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies.

15. There are no more Alps for them to pass which might give us leisure to raise new forces: No, soldiers; here you must take your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants.

16. Yet let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

CAIUS MARIUS to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of general, merely on account of his extraction.

1. IT is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behavior of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them.

2. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride and avarice.

3. It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times.

4. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

5. But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connexions, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable.

6. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth, to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me.

7. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

8. I have from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my country-

men, when I served you for no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit.

9. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body? A person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience.

10. What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebian.

11. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till the time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

12. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me, want of personal worth against them.

13. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine? What would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the

honors bestowed upon me, let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them.

14. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honors you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honors, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the reward of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagin they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices.

15. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians, by standing up in defense of what I have myself done.

16. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honor on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behavior?

17. What if I can show no statues of my family! I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinance, by valor; amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

A DIALOGUE *written in the year* 1776, *by* Mr. ANDREW *of Yale College, since deceased.*

Blithe. HOW now Mr. Hunks, have you settled the controversy with Baxter?

Hunks. Yes, to a fraction, upon condition that he would pay me six per cent, upon all his notes and bonds, from the date until they were discharged.

Blithe. Then it seems you have bro't him to your own terms.

Hunks. Indeed I have; I would settle with him upon no other. Men now-a-days think it a dreadful hardship to pay a little interest; and will quibble a thousand ways to fool a body out of his just property. But I've grown too old to be cheated in that manner. I take care to secure the interest as well as the principal. And to prevent any difficulty, I take new notes every year, and carefully exact interest upon interest, and add it to the principal.

Blithe. You don't exact interest upon interest! this looks a little like extortion.

Hunks. Extortion! I have already lost more than five hundred pounds, by a number of rascally bankrupts. I wont trust a farthing of my money without interest upon interest.

Blithe. I see I must humor his foible there's no other way to deal with him.—[*aside.*

Hunks. There's no security in men's obligations, in these times. And if I've a sum of money in the hands of those we call good chaps, I'm more plagu'd to get it than 'tis all worth. They would be glad to turn me off with more rubbish, if they could. I'd rather keep my money in my own chest, than let it out for such small interest as I have for it.

Blithe. There's something I confess in your observations. We never know when we are secure unless we have our property in our chests or in lands.

Hunks. That's true—I'd rather have my property in lands at three per cent, than in the hands of the best man in this town at six—it is a fact. Lands will grow higher when the wars are over.

Blithe. You're entirely right. I believe if I'd as much money as you, I should be of the same mind.

Hunks. That's a good disposition. We must all learn to take care of ourselves these hard times. But I wonder

how it happens that your disposition is so different from your son's—he's extremely wild and profuse—I should think it was not possible for you with all your prudence and dexterity, to get money as fast as he would spend it.

Blithe. Oh, he's young and airy; we must make allowances for such things; we used to do so ourselves when we were young men.

Hunks. No you are mistaken; I never wore a neck-cloth nor a pair of shoe-buckles, on a week day, in my life. But this is now become customary among the lowest ranks of people.

Blithe. You have been very singular; there are few men in our age that have been so frugal and saving as you have. But we must all endeavor to conform ourselves a little to the customs of the times. My son is not more extravagant than other young people of his age. He loves to drink a glass of wine sometimes, with his companions, and to appear pretty gaily drest; but this is only what is natural and customary for every one. I understand he has formed some connexions with your eldest daughter, and I should be fond of the alliance, if I could gain your approbation in the matter.

Hunks. The customs of the times will undo us all—— there's no living in this prodigal age. The young people must have their bottles, their tavern dinners, and dice, while the old ones are made perfect drudges to support their luxury.

Blithe. Our families, sir, without doubt, would be very happy in such a connection, if you would grant your consent.

Hunks. I lose all patience when I see the young beaux and fops, strutting about the streets in their laced coats and ruffled shirts, and a thousand other extravagant articles of expense.

Blithe. Sir, I should be very glad if you would turn your attention to the question I proposed.

Hunks. There's one half of these coxcomical spendthrifts, that can't pay their taxes, and yet they are constantnning in debt, and their prodigality must be supported oor, honest laboring men.

lithe. This is insufferable; I'm vex'd at the old fellow's rtinence—[*aside.*

nks. The world has got to a strange pass, a very

strange pass indeed; There's no distinguishing a poor man from a rich one, but only by his extravagant dress, and supercilious behavior.

Blithe. I abhor to see a man all mouth and no ears.

Hunks. All mouth and no ears! do you mean to insult me to my face?

Blithe. I ask your pardon, sir; but I've been talking to you this hour and you have paid me no attention.

Hunks. Well, and what is this mighty affair upon which you want my opinion.

Blithe. It is something you have paid very little attention to it seems; I'm willing to be heard in my turn, as well as you. I was telling that my son had entered into a treaty of marriage with your eldest daughter, and I desire your consent in the matter.

Hunks. A treaty of marriage! why didn't she ask my liberty before she attempted any such thing? A treaty of marriage! I won't hear a word of it.

Blithe. The young couple are very fond of each other, and may perhaps be ruined if you cross their inclinations.

Hunks. Then let them be ruined. I'll have my daughter to know she shall make no treaties without my consent.

Blithe. She's of the same mind, that's what she wants now.

Hunks. But you say the treaty is already made; however I'll make it over again.

Blithe. Well, sir, the stronger the better.

Hunks. But I mean to make it void.

Blithe. I want no trifling in the matter; the subject is not of a trifling nature. I expect you will give me a direct answer one way or the other.

Hunks. If that's what you desire, I can tell you at once. I have two very strong objections against the proposal; one is, I dislike your son; and the other is, I have determined upon another match for my daughter.

Blithe. Why do you dislike my son, pray?

Hunks. O, he's like the rest of mankind, running on in this extravagant way of living. My estate was earned too hard to be trifled away in such a manner.

Blithe. Extravagant! I'm sure he is very far from deserving that character. 'Tis true he appears genteel and fashionable among people, but he's in good business, and ---- board, and that's sufficient for any man.

Hunks. 'Tis fashionable, I suppose, to powder and curl at the barber's an hour or two before he visits his mistress; to pay six pence or eight pence for brushing his boots; to drink a glass of wine at every tavern; to dine upon fowls drest in the richest manner; and he must dirty two or three ruffled shirts in the journey. This is your genteel fashionable way, is it?

Blithe. Indeed, Sir, it is a matter of importance to appear decently at such a time, if ever. Would you have him go as you used to do, upon the same business, dress'd in a long ill shapen coat, a greasy pair of breeches, and a flap'd hat; with your oats in one side of your saddle bags, and your dinner in the other? This would make an odd appearance in the present age.

Hunks. A fig for the appearance, so long as I gain'd my point, and sav'd my money, and consequently my credit.—The coat you mention is the same I have on now. 'Tis not so very long as you would represent it to be—[*measuring the skirts by one leg.*] See, it comes just below the calf.—This is the coat that my father was married in, and I after him. It has been in the fashion five times since it was new, and never was altered, and 'tis a pretty good coat yet.

Blithe. You've a wonderful faculty of saving your money and credit, and keeping in the fashion at the same time. I suppose you mean by saving your credit, that money and credit are inseparably connected.

Hunks. Yes, that they are; he that has one need not fear the loss of the other. For this reason I can't consent to your son's proposal; he's too much of a spendthrift to merit my approbation.

Blithe. If you call him a spendthrift for his generosity, I desire he may never merit your approbation. A reputation that's gained by saving money in the manner you have mentioned, is at best but a despicable character.

Hunks. Do you mean to call my character despicable?

Blithe. We wont quarrel about the name, since you are so well contented with the thing.

Hunks. You're welcome to your opinion; I would not give a fiddle stick's end for your good or ill-will; my ideas of reputation are entirely different from yours or your son's, which are just the same, for I find you justify him in all his conduct. But as I have determined upon another match for my daughter, I shan't trouble myself about his behavior.

Blithe. But perhaps your proposed match will be equally disagreeable.

Hunks. No, I've no apprehension of that. He's a person of a fine genius and an excellent character.

Blithe. Sir, I desire to know who this person is, that has such a genius and character, and is so agreeable to your taste.

Hunks. 'Tis my young cousin Griffin. He's heir to a great estate you know. He discovered a surprising genius almost as soon as he was born. When he was a very child, he made him a box, with one small hole in it, into which he could just crowd his money, and could not get it out again without breaking his box; by which means he made a continual addition till he filled it, and——

Blithe. Enough! Enough! I've a sufficient idea of his character without hearing another word. But are you sure you shall obtain this excellent match for your daughter?

Hunks. Oh, I'm certain on't, I assure you, and my utmost wishes are gratified with the prospect. He has a large patrimony lying between two excellent farms of mine, which are at least worth two thousand pounds. These I've given to my daughter; and have ordered her uncle to take the deeds into his own hands, and deliver them to her on the day of her marriage.

Blithe. Then it seems you've almost accomplished the business. But have you got the consent of the young gentleman in the affair?

Hunks. His consent! what need I care about his consent? so long as I've his father's; that is sufficient for my purpose.

Blithe. Then you intend to force the young couple to marry, if they are unwilling?

Hunks. Those two thousand pounds will soon give them a disposition, I'll warrant you.

Blithe. Your schemes, I confess, are artfully concerted; but I must tell you, for your mortification that the young gentleman is already married.

Hunks. What do you say! already married? It can't be! I don't believe a syllable on't!

Blithe. Every syllable is true, whether you believe it or not. I received a letter this day from his father; if you won't believe me, you may read it. *(gives him the letter)*—There's the account in the postscript. *(points to it)*

Hunks reads—[*I had almost forgot to tell you, that last Thursday my son was married to Miss Clary Brentford, and that all parties are very happy in the connexion.*] Confusion! *(throws down the letter.)* What does this mean!—married to Clary Brentford! This is exactly one of cousin Tom's villainous tricks. He promised me that his son should marry my daughter, upon condition that I would give her those two farms; but I can't imagin from what stupid motives he has altered his mind.

Blithe. Disappointment is the common lot of all men, even our surest expectations are subject to misfortune.

Hunks. Disappointment! this comes from a quarter from which I least expected one. But there's the deeds, I'll take care to secure them again; 'tis a good hit that I did not give them to the young rogue beforehand.

Blithe. That was well thought of; you keep a good look out, I see, though you cannot avoid some disappointments. I see nothing in the way now, to hinder my son's proceeding; you will easily grant your consent, now you're cut off from your former expectations.

Hunks. I can't see into this crooked affair—I'm heartily vex'd at it. What could induce that old villain to deceive me in this manner? I fear this was some scheme of my daughter's to prevent the effect of my design. If this is her plan, if she sets so light by two thousand pounds, she shall soon know what it is to want it, I'll promise her.

Blithe. If you had bestowed your gift, without crossing her inclination, she would have accepted it very thankfully.

Hunks. O, I don't doubt it in the least; that would have been a pretty story, indeed! but since she insists upon gratifying a foolish fancy, she may follow her own inclination, and take the consequences of it; I'll keep the favors I meant to bestow on her, for those that know how to prize them, and that merit them by a becoming gratitude.

Blithe. But you won't reject her destitute of a patrimony and a father's blessing?

Hunks. Not one farthing shall she ever receive from my hand. Your son may take her, but her person is barely all that I'll give him; he has seduced her to disobey her father, and he shall feel the effects of it.

Blithe. You are somewhat ruffled, I perceive, but I hope you'll recall these rash resolutions in your cooler moments.

Hunks. No, never, I give you my word, and that's as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Blithe. But look ye, Sir, here's another circumstance to be attended to; my son has the deeds already in his own hands.

Hunks. Deeds! what deeds? those I gave to my brother?

Blithe. Yes, the very same.

Hunks. What a composition of villainy and witchcraft is here? What! my deeds given up to your son?

Blithe. Yes; your brother thought that my son had an undoubted title to them now, since his cousin was married, and so he gave them up the next day.

Hunks. This is intolerable! I could tear the scalp from my old brainless scull; why had I not more wit than to trust them with him? I'm cheated every way! I can't trust a farthing with the best friend I have upon earth!

Blithe. That is very true, 'tis no wonder you can't trust your best friends. The truth of the case is, you have no friend, nor can you expect any so long as you make an idol of yourself, and feast your sordid avaricious appetite upon the misfortunes of mankind. You take every possible advantage, by the present calamities, to gratify your own selfish disposition. So long as this is the case, depend upon it, you will be an object of universal detestation. There is no one on earth that would not rejoice to see how you're brought in. Your daughter now has got a good inheritance, and an agreeable partner, which you were in duty bound to grant her; but instead of that, you were then doing your utmost to deprive her of every enjoyment in life. *(Hunks puts his hand to his breast.)* I don't wonder your conscience smites you for your villainy. Don't you see how justly you have been cheated into your duty?

Hunks. I'll go this moment to an attorney, and get a warrant; I'll put the villain in jail before an hour is at an end. Oh my deeds! my farms! what shall I do for my farms!

Blithe. Give yourself no farther trouble about them, there's no evidence in the case; you must be sensible, therefore, an action can't lie. I would advise you to rest contented, and learn from disappointments, not to place such an exhorbitant value upon wealth. In the mean time I should be very glad of your company at the wedding. My son and his wife would be very happy to see you.

Hunks. The dragon fly away with you, and your son, and your son's wife. O my farms! what shall I do for my farms!

POETRY.

Contempt of the common Objects of Pursuit.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made;
One flaunts in rags; one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find if once the wise man acts the monk,
Or, cobler like, the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Go, if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
Go, and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness. Say where greatness lies?
Where, but among the heroes and the wise.
Heroes are all the same, it is agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make—an enemy of all mankind.
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes;
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose ungarded hours they take;
Not that themselves are wise; but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, falling, smiles in exile, or in chains,

Like good Aurelius let him reign ; or bleed
Like Socrates ; that man is great indeed !
What's fame ? a fancy'd life in others breath ;
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear 's your own ; and what's unknown,
The same, (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it, begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes and friends ;
To all besides as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead :
Alike, or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod ;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what t' oblivion better were consign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy, Marcellus, exil'd, feels,
Than Cæsar, with a Senate at his heels.
In parts superior, what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know, how little can be known ;
To see all others' faults and feel our own :
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second and without a judge.
Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you ; and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;
Make fair deductions ; see to what they 'mount ;
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease ;
Think ; and if still such things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd
The wisest, brightest—meanest of mankind;
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame:
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

Various Characters.

'Tis from high life, high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just; a chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will;
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more just, more learn'd, more every thing.
'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave:
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of power;
A quaker? sly; A presbyterian? sour;
A smart freethinker? all things in an hour.
Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion. There alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

Description of a Storm of Hail.

Long rush'd the victors o'er the sanguine field,
And scarce were Gibeon's loftiest spires beheld;
When up the west, dark clouds began to rise,
Sail'd o'er the hills and lengthened round the skies;
A ridge of folding fire, their summits shone,
But fearful blackness all beneath was thrown;
Swift round the sun the spreading gloom was hurl'd,
And night and solitude amaz'd the world.
At once the voice of deep resounding gales
Rung slow and solemn in the distant vales;
Then through the groves and o'er the extended plain,

With stormy rage the rapid whirlwinds ran.
Red o'er the glimmering hills with pomp divine,
The lightning's flaming path began to shine ;
Far round the immense, unusual thunders driven,
Proclaim'd the onset of approaching Heaven ;
Astonish'd nature own'd the strange alarm,
And the world trembled at the impending storm.
O'er the dark fields aghast Canaan stream'd ;
Thick in their course the scatter'd bucklers gleam'd ;
Behind them Joshua urg'd the furious car,
And tenfold horrors hovered round the war.
But when the chief the spreading storm survey'd,
And trac'd Almighty arms in Heaven display'd ;
With piercing voice he gave the great command,
Stand still, ye chosen sons, admiring stand !
Behold what awful scenes in Heaven arise !
Adore the power that brightens in the skies !
Now God's tremendous arm asserts his laws ;
Now bids his thunder aid the righteous cause ;
Shows man how virtue saves her chosen bands,
And points the vengeance doom'd for guilty lands.
Behold what flames shoot forth ! what gloom ascends !
How nature trembles ! how the concave rends !
How the clouds darken ! see, in yonder sky,
Their opening skirts proclaim the Almighty nigh !
He spoke, and from the north a rushing sound
Roll'd thro' the Heavens, and shook the embattled ground.
Thron'd on a dark red cloud, an angel's form
Sat awfully sublime, above the storm ;
Half veil'd in mist, his count'nance like a sun,
Inflam'd the clouds, and thro' all ether shone ;
Long robes of crimson light behind him flow'd ;
His wings were flames ; his locks were dy'd in blood ;
Ten thousand fiery shapes were round him driven,
And all the dazzling pomp of opening Heaven.
Now, save Canaan's cries that feebly rung
Round the dark plain, a fearful silence hung ;
Stretch'd in dire terror o'er the quivering band,
The etherial Vision wav'd his sun bright hand ;
At once from opening skies, red flames were hurl'd ;
And thunders, roll'd on thunders, rock'd the world ;
One broad deluge sunk the avenging hail,
All fill'd with tempest, roar'd the hoary vale ;

Fierce raging whirlwinds boundless nature blend;
The streams rush back, the tottering mountains bend;
Down the tall steep their bursting summits roll,
And cliffs on cliffs, hoarse crashing rend the pole.
Far round the earth, a wild, drear horror reigns;
The high heavens heave, and roar the gloomy plains;
One sea of lightning all the region fills,
And waves of fire ride surging o'er the hills;
The nodding forest plunge in flame around,
And with huge caverns gapes the shuddering ground;
Swifter than rapid winds Canaan driven,
Refuse the conflict of embattled Heaven.
But the dire hail in vain the victims fly,
And death unbounded shook from all the sky.
The thunder's dark career the seraph's arm,
Fierce vengeance blazing down the immense of storm,
From falling groves to burning flames they flew;
Hail roars around and angry hosts pursue;
From shaking skies, Almighty arms are hurl'd,
And all the gloomy concave burst upon the world.

Address to the Deity.

FATHER of light, exhaustless source of good!
Supreme, eternal, self-existent God!
Before the beamy sun dispens'd a ray,
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day,
Before the glimmering moon, with borrow'd light,
Shone queen amid the silver host of night,
High in the Heavens, thou reign'st superior Lord,
By suppliant angels worshipp'd and ador'd.
With the celestial choir then let me join,
In cheerful praises to the Power Divine,
To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire
A mortal breast with more than mortal fire.
In dreadful majesty thou sit'st enthron'd,
With light encircled and with glory crown'd:
Through all infinitude extends thy reign,
For thee nor Heaven, nor Heaven of Heavens contain;
But though thy throne is fix'd above the sky,
Thy omnipresence fills immensity.
Saints rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radient martyrs hallelujah's sing:
H- -'ns universal host their voices raise

In one eternal concert to thy praise ;
And round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice from ancient night,
Sprang smiling beauty, and yon worlds of light :
Thou spak'st—the planetary chorus roll'd,
Stupendous worlds ! unmeasured and untold !
Let there be light, said God—light instant shone,
And from the orient burst the golden sun ;
Heav'ns gazing hierarchs, with glad surprize,
Saw the first morn invest the recent skies,
And strait th' exulting troop thy throne surround ;
With thousand, thousands harps of rapt'rous sound ;
Thrones, powers, dominions (ever shining trains)
Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains ;
Great are thy works, they sing, and all around,
Great are thy works, the echoing heav'ns resound ;
Th' effulgent sun, unsufferably bright,
Is but a ray of thy o'erflowing light ;
The tempest is thy breath ; the thunder hurl'd,
Tremendous roars thy vengeance o'er the world ;
Thou bow'st the Heav'ns, the smoaky mountains nod,
Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God !
Pale tyrants shrink, the Atheist stands aghast,
And impious kings in horror breathe their last.
To this great God, alternately, I'd pay,
The evening anthem and the morning lay.

A Morning Hymn.

FROM night, from silence, and from death,
Or death's own form mysterious sleep,
I wake to life, to light, and health ;
Thus me doth Israel's Watchmen keep.
Sacred to Him in grateful praise,
Be this devoted tranquil hour,
While Him, supremely good and great,
With rapt'rous homage I adore.
What music breaks from yonder copse ?
The plumy songster's artless lay ;
Melodious songsters, nature taught !
What warbling hail the dawning day.
All man be mute while instinct sings ?
Or human breast with transports rise ?

O, for an universal hymn,
To join the chorus of the skies!
See yon refulgent lamp of day,
With unabating glory crown'd,
Rejoicing in his giant strength,
To run his daily destin'd round.
So may I still perform thy will,
Great Son of nature and of grace!
Nor wander devious from thy law;
Nor faint in my appointed race.
What charms display th' unfolding flowers;
How beautious glows th' enamell'd mead?
More beauteous still the heaven wrought robe,
Of purest white and fac'd with red.
The sun exhales the pearly dews,
Those brilliant sky-shed tears that mourn
His nightly loss: till from earth's cheek
They're kiss'd away by pitying morn.
For laps'd mankind, what friendly tears,
Bent on our weal did angels shed?
Bound, bound our hearts, to think those tears
Made frustrate all when Jesus bled?
Arabia wafts from yonder grove
Delicious odors in the gale;
And with her breeze born fragrance greets,
Each circumjacent hill and dale.
As incense, may my morning song
A sweetly smelling savor rise,
Perfumed with Gilead's precious balm,
To make it grateful to the skies.
And when from death's long sleep I wake,
To nature's renovating day,
Clothe me with thy own righteousness,
And in thy likeness, Lord array.

Hymn to Peace.

HAIL, sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright abode,
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around this shapeless earth,
Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth;
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue;
Veil'd in the brightness of th' Almighty's mind,

In blest repose thy placid form reclin'd ;
Borne through the heaven with his creative voice,
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
Their joy to angels, and to men their praise.
From scenes of blood these beauteous shores that stain,
From gasping friends that press the sanguin'd plain,
From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful power, and greet thy glad return.
Too long the groans of death and battle's bray
Have rung discordant thro' the unpleasing lay ;
Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,
O'er heroes' wounds, and patriot warriors dead.
Accept, departed shades, these grateful sighs,
Your fond attendants to th' approving skies,
But now th' untuneful trump shall grate no more,
Ye silver streams no longer swell with gore ;
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,
With yon retiring navies to the main :
While other views unfolding on my eyes,
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise.
Bring, bounteous peace, in thy celestial throng,
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song :
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway ;
To see thy blissful charms that here descend,
Through distant realms and endless years extend.

Scene between CECILIA BEVERLY *&* HENRIETTA BELFIELD.

Cecilia. MY dear Henrietta, you seem to be overjoyed. May I know the cause ?

Henrietta. My dear, dear Miss Beverly, I have such a thing to tell you—you would never guess it—I don't know how to believe it myself—Mr. Delvill has written to me ? he has, indeed ! here is the note ! *(holding out a letter.)*

Cec. Indeed ! I long to know the contents. Pray read it.

Hen. (reads it.)

" To Miss BELFIELD.

" Mr. Delvill presents his compliments to Miss Belfield, and begs to be permitted to wait on her for a few minutes, at any time in the afternoon she will please to appoint."

ink ! it is *me*, poor simple *me*, of all people, that ——ts to speak with. But what can he want ! My dear-

est Cecilia tell me what you think he can have to say to me?

Cec. Indeed it is imposaible for me to conjecture.

Hen. If *you* can't, I am sure there is no wonder *I* can't. I have thought of a million things in a minute. It can't be about business—It can't be about my brother—It can't be about my dear Miss Beverly—I suspect—[*A servant enters with a message.*]

Ser. A gentleman in the parlor desires to speak with Miss Belfield. [*Servant goes out.*]

Hen. My dear Miss Beverly, what shall I say to him? Pray advise me. I am so confused I can't say a single word.

Cec. I can't advise you, Miss Belfield, for I don't know what *he* will say to *you*.

Hen. But I can guess, I can guess! And I shan't know what in the world to answer. I shall behave like a simpleton and disgrace myself.

[*Cecilia leaves her, and Mr. Delvill enters the room.*]

Delvill. Good-morrow, Miss Belfield. I hope I have the pleasure to see you well to-day. Is miss Beverly at home? I have a message for her from my mother.

Hen. [*With a look of disappointment.*] Yes, sir, she is at home. I will call her. [*goes out.*]

[*Cecilia enters.*]

Del. Good-morrow, madam. I have presumed to wait on you this morning, by permission of my mother. But I am afraid that permission is so late, that the influence I hoped from it is past.

Cec. I had no means, Sir, of knowing you came from her, otherwise I should have received her commands without hesitation.

Del. I would thank you for the honor you do her, was it less pointedly exclusive. Yet I have no right to reproach you. Let me ask, Madam, could you, after my solemn promise at our last parting, to renounce all future claim upon you, in obedience to my mother's will, could you think me so dishonorable as to obtrude myself into your presence, while that promise was in force?

Cec. I find I have been too hasty. I did indeed believe Mrs. Delvill would never authorise such a visit; but as I was much surprised, I hope I may be pardoned for a little doubt.

Del. There spoke Miss Beverly! the same, the unaltered Miss Beverly I hoped to find. Yet *is* she altered;

Am I not too hasty? And is the story I have heard about Belfield a dream? an error? a falsehood?

Cec. If it was not that such a quick succession of quarrels would be endless perplexity, I would be affronted that you can ask me such a question.

Delv. Had I thought it a question, I should not have asked it. But never for a moment did I credit it, till the rigor of your repulse alarmed me. But as you are good enough to account for that, I am encouraged to make known the design of my present visit. Yet with confidence I *cannot* speak; *hardly* with hope.

Cec. One thing, Sir, let me say before you proceed; if your *purpose* has not the sanction of Mrs. Delvill, as well as your visit, I would be excused from hearing it, for I shall most certainly refuse it.

Delv. I would mention nothing without her concurrence, she has given it; and my father has also consented to my present application.

Cec. (Clasping her hands in joy.) Is it possible?

Delv. Is it possible! With what emotions do I hear these words? Ah, Miss Beverly! Once my own Cecilia? do you, can you *wish* it possible?

Cec. No, no, I wish nothing about it. Yet tell me how it has happened—I am curious *(smiling)* though not interested in it.

Delv. What hope would this sweetness give me, was my scheme any other than it is! But you cannot—no, it would be unreasonable—it would be madness to expect your compliance! It is next to madness in me to wish it! But how shall a man who is desperate be prudent and circumspect.

Cec. Spare yourself, Sir, this unnecessary pain. You will find in me no unnecessary scruples.

Delv. You know not what you say, Madam. All noble as you are, the sacrifice I have to propose—

Cec. Name it, Sir, with confidence. I will not disguise—but frankly own that I will agree to any sacrifice you will mention, provided it has Mrs. Delvill's approbation.

Delv. What words are these? Is it Miss Beverly that speaks?

Cec. What can I say more? Must I offer this pledge too? *(holding out her hand.)*

Delv. My dear Cecilia, how happy this makes me!—*(taking her hand)* for my life I would not resign it. Yet

how soon will you withdraw it, when you know that the only terms on which I can hold it, are that this hand must sign away your inheritance.

Cec. I do not comprehend this Sir.

Delv. Can you for my sake, make such a sacrifice as this? I am not permitted to give up my name for *yours*; can you renounce your uncle's *fortune*, as you must, if you renounce your *name*; and consent to such settlements as *I* can make upon you? Will these and your own paternal inheritance of ten thousand pounds, satisfy your expectations of living?

Cec. (Turning pale and drawing back her hand.) O, Mr. Delvill, your words pierce me to the soul.

Delv. Have I offended you, Madam? Pardon me then for indulging a romantic whim which your better judgment disapproves. My presumption deserves this mortification.

Cec. You know not then my inability to comply?

Delv. Your ability or inability I presume depends on your own will.

Cec. No, Sir, by no means, my *power* is lost—My fortune, alas is gone.

Delv. Impossible! utterly impossible!

Cec. Would to heaven it was otherways! But it is too true; and your father knows it.

Delv. My father?

Cec. Did he never hint it to you?

Delv. Distraction! what horrible confirmation is coming! *(pausing) you* only, Miss Beverly, could have made this credible!

Cec. Had you then actually heard it?

Delv. I had indeed heard it as the most infamous falsehood. My heart swelled with indignation at such slander.

Cec. Oh, Sir, the fact is undeniable; tho' the circumstances you may have heard with it may be exaggerated.

Delv. That indeed must have been the case. I was told that your parental fortune was totally exhausted, and that during your minority, you had been a dealer with Jews! all this I was told from my father, or I could not have been made to hear it.

Cec. Thus far he told you nothing but truth.

Delv. Truth! *(starting)* never then was truth so scandalously wronged! I denied the whole report! I disbelieved every syllable! I pledged my own honor to prove every assertion false.

Cec. Generous Delvill, this is what I might expect from you *(weeping)*

Delv. Why does Miss Beverly weep? Why has she given me this alarm? These things must at least have been misrepresented. Will you condescend to unravel to me this mysterious affair?

Cec. Alas, Sir, the unfortunate Mr. Harrel! He has been the cause of my losses. You know his love of gaming, a passion which led him to his fatal end. In his embarrassments he came to me for assistance. He was my guardian: what could I do? I yielded to his entreaties; and repeatedly took up money of a jew upon the credit of my estate, until the whole was pledged. If it was a fault, I know you will ascribe it to the real motive and pardon it.

Delv. My dear Cecilia, I thank you sincerely for this account of your misfortunes; altho' it fills my heart with anguish. How will my mother be shocked to hear a confirmation of the report she had heard? How irritated at your injuries from Harrel! How grieved that your generosity should bring upon your character so many vile aspersions!

Cec. I have been of too easy a disposition—too unguarded—yet always at the moment, I seemed guided by common humanity. But I thought myself secure of wealth; and while the revenue of my uncle ensured me prosperity, I thought little of my own fortune. Could I have foreseen this moment—

Delv. Would you then have listened to my romantic proposal?

Cec. Could I have hesitated?

Delv. Most generous of beings, still then be mine! By our economy, we will make savings to pay off our mortgages and clear our estates. I will still keep my name to which my family is bigoted, and *my* gratitude for your compliance shall make you forget what *you* lose by the change of *yours*.

Scene between CECILIA BEVERLY *and a* GENTLEMAN.

Gent. I PRESUME, Madam, You are the lady of this house. May I take the liberty to ask your name.

Cec. My name, Sir?

Gent. You will do me a favor by telling it to me.

Cec. Is it possible, Sir, you are come hither, without a lady knowing it?

Gent. I know it only by common report, Madam.

Cec. Common report, Sir, I believe is seldom wrong in a matter where it is so easy to be right.

Gent. Have you any objections madam to telling me your name?

Cec. No, Sir, but your business can hardly be very important, if you are yet to learn whom you are to address.—It will be time enough, therefore for us to meet when you have elsewhere learnt my name. *(going)*

Gent. I beg, madam, you will have patience! It is necessary before I can open my business that I should hear your name from yourself.

Cec. Why, Sir, I think you can scarcely have come to this house, without knowing that its owner is Cecilia Beverly.

Gent. That madam, is your maiden name.

Cec. My maiden name! *(surprized.)*

Gent. Are you not married, Madam?

Cec. Married, Sir?

Gent. It is more properly, Madam, the name of your husband, that I mean to ask.

Cec. And by what authority, Sir, do you make these extraordinary enquiries?

Gent. I am deputed, Madam, by Mr. Eggleston, who is next heir to your uncle's estate, if you die without children, or change your name when you marry. I am authorised by letter of attorney from him to make these enquiries, and I presume, Madam, you will not deny its authority. He has been credibly informed you are married; and as you continue to be called Miss Beverly, he wishes to know your intentions, as he is deeply interested in knowing the truth.

Cec. This demand, Sir, is so extremely—*(stammering)* so—so little expected—

Gent. The better, way, Madam, in these cases, is to keep close to the point. Are you married, or are you not?

Cec. This is dealing very plainly, indeed, Sir. But——

Gent. It is, Madam, and very seriously too; but it is a business of no slight concern. Mr. Eggleston has a large family and a small fortune, and that very much encumbered. It cannot therefore be expected that he will see himself wronged by your enjoying an estate to which he is entitled.

Cec. Mr. Eggleston, Sir, has nothing to fear from im-

position. Those with whom he has or may have any transactions in this affair, are not used to practice fraud.

Gent. I am far from meaning any offense, Madam; my commission from Mr. Eggleston is simply this; to beg you will satisfy him upon what ground you now evade the will of your late uncle; which till explained, appears to be a point much to his prejudice.

Cec. Tell him then, Sir, that whatever he wishes to know shall be explained in about a week. At present I can give no other answer.

Gent. Very well, Madam, he will wait till that time, I am sure; for he does not wish to put you to any inconvenience. But when he heard the gentleman was gone abroad without owning his marriage, he thought it high time to take some notice of the matter.

Cec. Pray, Sir, let me ask, how *you* came to any knowledge of this affair?

Gent. I heard it, Madam, from Mr. Eggleston himself, who has long known it.

Cec. Long, Sir?—impossible! It is not yet a fortnight—not ten days, or not more, that——

Gent. That, Madam, may perhaps be disputed; for when this business comes to be settled, it will be very essential to be exact as to the time, even to the very hour; for the income of the estate is large, Madam; and if your husband keeps his own name, you must not only give up your uncle's inheritance, from the time of changing your name; but refund the profits from the very day of your marriage.

Cec. There is not the least doubt of that, nor will the least difficulty be made.

Gent. Please then to recollect, Madam, that the sum to be refunded is every hour increasing, and has been ever since last September, which made a half year to be accounted for last March. Since then there is now added——

Cec. For mercy's sake, Sir, what calculations are you making out? Do you call last week last September?

Gent. No, Madam; but I call last September the month in which you was married.

Cec. You will then find yourself extremely mistaken; and Mr. Eggleston is preparing himself for much disappointment if he supposes me so long in arrears with him.

Gent. Mr. Eggleston, madam, happens to be well in-

formed of this transaction, as you will find, if any dispute should arise in the case. He was the next occupier of the house you hired last September; the woman who kept it, informed him that the last person who hired it was a lady, who stayed one day only, and came to town, she found, merely to be married. On enquiry, he discovered that the lady was Miss Beverly.

Cec. You will find all this, Sir, end in nothing.

Gent. That, Madam, remains to be proved. If a young lady is seen—and *she* was seen, going into church at eight o'clock in the morning, with a young gentleman and one female friend; and is afterwards seen coming out of it followed by a clergyman and one other person—and is seen to get into a coach with the same young gentleman and same female friend, why the circumstances are pretty strong!

Cec. They may seem so, Sir, but all conclusions drawn from them will be erroneous: I was not married then, upon my honor.

Gent. We have little to do, Madam, with professions; the circumstances are strong enough to bear trial, and—

Cec. A trial!

Gent. We have found many witnesses to prove a number of particulars; and eight months share of such an estate as this, is worth a little trouble.

Cec. I am amazed, Sir; surely Mr. Eggleston never authorised you to make use of this language to me.

Gent. Mr. Eggleston, Madam, has behaved very honorably, though he knew the whole affair, he supposed Mr. Delvill had good reasons for a short concealment, and expected every day when the matter would become public. He therefore did not interfere. But on hearing that Mr. Delvill had set out for the continent, he was advised to claim his rights.

Cec. His claims, Sir, will doubtless be satisfied without threatening or law suits.

Gent. The truth is, Madam, Mr. Eggleston is a little embarrassed for want of some money. This makes it a point with him to have the affair settled speedily, unless you choose to compromise, by advancing a particular sum, till it suits you to refund the whole that is due to him, and quit the premises.

Cec. Nothing, Sir, is due to him; at least nothing

worth mentioning. I will enter into no terms: I have no compromise to make. As to the premises, I will quit them as soon as possible.

Gent. You will do well, Madam, for the truth is, it will not be convenient for him to wait any longer. [*Goes out.*]

Cec. How weak and blind have I been, to form a secret plan of defrauding the heir of my uncle's estate! I am betrayed—and I deserve it. Never, never more will I disgrace myself by such an act.

Scene between CECILIA *and* HENRIETTA.

Cec. WHAT is the matter with my dear Henrietta? Who is it that has already afflicted that kind heart, which I am now compelled to afflict for myself?

Hen. No, Madam, not afflicted for you! It would be strange, if I was, while I think as I now do.

Cec. I am glad you are not, for was it possible, I would give you nothing but pleasure and joy.

Hen. Ah, Madam, why will you say so, when you don't care what becomes of me? When you are going to cast me off, and when you will soon be too happy to think of me more.

Cec. If I am never happy till then, sad indeed will be my life! No, my gentlest friend, you will always have your share in my heart: and to me would always have been the welcomest guest in my house, but for those unhappy circumstances which make our separating inevitable.

Hen. Yet you suffered me, Madam, to hear from any body that you was married and going away; and all the common servants in the house knew it before me.

Cec. I am amazed! How and which way can they have heard it?

Hen. The man that went to Mr. Eggleston brought the first news of it, for he said all the servants there talked of nothing else, and that their master was to come and take possession here next Thursday.

Cec. Yet you envy me, though I am forced to leave my house—though I am not provided with any other! and tho' he for whom I relinquish it is far off, without the means of protecting me, or the power of returning home.

Hen. But are you married to him, madam?

Cec. True, my love, but I am also parted from him.

Hen. O how differently do the *great* think from the *little*. Was *I* married—and *so* married, I should want neither house nor fine clothes, nor riches, nor any thing—I should not care where I lived—every place would be a paradise to me.

Cec. O Henrietta! Should I ever repine at my situation, I will call to mind this heroic declaration of yours, and blush for my own weakness.

Scene between DR. LYSTER, MR. DELVILL, MR. MORTIMER DELVILL, *and* CECILIA, *his wife, and* LADY HONORIA.

Dr. Lys. MY good friends, in the course of my long practice, I have found it impossible to study the human frame, without looking a little into the mind; and from all that I have yet been able to make out, either by observation, reflection or comparison, it appears to me at this moment that Mr. Mortimer Delvill has got the best wife, and you, Sir, *(to Mr. Delvill)* the most faultless daughter-in-law, that any husband or any father-in-law in the kingdom can have or desire.

Lady Hon. When you say the *best* and most *faultless*, Dr. Lyster, you should always add, *the rest of the company excepted.*

Dr. Lys. Upon my word, I beg your Ladyship's pardon; but sometimes an unguarded warmth comes across a man, that drives ceremony from his head, and makes him speak truth before he well knows where he is.

Lady Hon. Oh terrible! this is sinking deeper and deeper; I had hopes the town air had taught you better things; but I find you have visited Delvill castle, till you are fit for no other place.

Del. [*offended*] Whoever, Lady Honoria, is fit for Delvill Castle, must be fit for *every* other place; though every other place may by no means be fit for him.

Lady Hon. O yes, Sir, every possible place will be fit for him, if he can once bear with that. Don't you think so, Dr. Lyster?

Dr. Lys. Why, when a man has the honor to see your Ladyship, he is apt to think too much of the *person* to care about the *place*.

Lady Hon. Come, I begin to have some hopes of you, for I see, for a doctor, you really have a pretty notion

of a compliment. Only you have one great fault still, you look the whole time as if you said it for a joke.

Dr. Lys. Why in fact, Madam, when a man has been a plain dealer both in word and look for fifty years, 'tis expecting too quick a reformation to demand ductility of voice and eye from him at a blow. However, give me a little time and a little encouragement, and with such a tutoress, 'twill be hard, if I do not in a few lessons, learn the right method of seasoning a simper, and the newest fashion of twisting words from their meaning.

Lady Hon. But pray, Sir, always remember, on these occasions to look serious. Nothing sets off a compliment so much as a long face. If you are tempted to an unseasonable laugh, think of Delvill Castle; 'tis an expedient I commonly make use of myself, when I am afraid of being too frolicsome; and it always succeeds, for the very thought of it gives me the head-ache in a moment. I wonder, Mr. Delvill, you keep your health so good; after living in that horrible place so long. I have expected to hear of your death at the end of every summer, and I assure you, I was once very near buying mourning.

Del. The estate which descends to a man from his ancestors, Lady Honoria, will seldom be apt to injure his health, if he is conscious of committing no misdemeanor which has degraded their memory.

Lady Hon. [*In a low voice to Cecilia.*] How vastly odious is this new father of yours! What could ever induce you to give up your charming estate for the sake of coming into his fusty old family? I would really advise you to have your marriage annulled. You know you have only to take an oath that you were forcibly run away with; and as you are an heiress, and the Delvill's are all so violent, it will easily be believed. And then, as soon as you are at liberty, I would advise you to marry my little Lord Derford.

Cec. Would you only then have me regain my freedom in order to part with it?

Lady Hon. Certainly, for you can do nothing at all without being married. A single woman is a thousand times more shackled than a wife; for she is accountable to every body; and a wife, you know, has nothing to do but just to manage her husband.

Cec. [*smiling*] And that you consider as a trifle!

Lady Hon. Yes, if you do but marry a man you don't care for.

Cec. You are right then, indeed, to recommend to me my Lord Derford.

Lady Hon. O yes, he will make the prettiest husband in the world; you may fly about yourself as wild as a lark, and keep him the whole time as tame as a jackdaw. And tho' he may complain of you to your friends, he will never have the courage to find fault to your face. But as to Mortimer, you will not be able to govern him as long as you live; for the moment you have put him upon the fret, you will fall into the dumps yourself, hold out your hand to him and losing the opportunity of gaining some material point, make up with him at the first soft word.

Cec. You think, then, the quarrel more amusing than the reconciliation.

Lady Hon. O, a thousand times! for while you are quarreling, you may say any thing and demand any thing, but when you are reconciled, you ought to behave pretty, and seem contented.

Cec. If any gentleman has any pretensions to your ladyship, he must be made very happy indeed to hear your principles.

Lady Hon. O, it would not signify at all; for one's fathers and uncles and such people always make connexions for one; and not a soul thinks of our principles till they find them out by our conduct; and nobody can possibly find them out till we are married, for they give us no power beforehand. The men know nothing of us in the world while we are single, but how we can dance a minuet or play a lesson upon the harpsicord.

Del. And what else need a young lady of rank desire to be known for? Your Ladyship surely would not have her degrade herself by studying like an artist or professor.

Lady Hon. O, no Sir, I would not have her study at all; it's mighty well for children; but really after sixteen, and when one is come out, one has quite fatigue enough in dress and going to public places and ordering new things, without all the torment of first and second position, and E upon the first line, and F upon the first space.

Del. But pardon me, Madam, for hinting that a young lady of condition, who has a proper sense of her dignity, cannot be seen too rarely or known too little.

Lady Hon. O, but I hate dignity for it is the dullest thing in the world; I have always thought, Sir, it was owing to that you was so little amusing—really I beg your pardon, Sir, I meant to say so little talkative.

Del. I can easily believe your Ladyship spoke hastily;—for it will hardly be supposed that a person of *my* family came into the world for the purpose of amusing it.

Lady Hon. O no, Sir, nobody, I am sure, ever knew you to have such a thought. [*Turning to Cecilia, with a low voice*]—You cannot imagin, my dear Mrs. Mortimer, how I detest this old cousin of mine! Now, pray tell me honestly, if you don't hate him yourself.

Cec. I hope, Madam, you have no reason to hate him.

Lady Hon. La, how you are always upon your guard! If I were half as cautious, I should die of the vapors in a month. The only thing that keeps me at all alive, is now and then making people angry; for the folks at our house let me go out so seldom, and then send me with such stupid company, that giving them a little torment is really the only entertainment I have. O—but I had almost forgot to tell you a most delightful thing!

Cec. What is it?

Lady Hon. Why you must know I have the greatest hopes in the world that my father will quarrel with old Mr. Delvill!

Cec. And is that such a delightful thing?

Lady Hon. O yes: I have lived upon the very idea this fortnight; for then you know, they'd both be in a passion, and I shall see which of them looks frightfullest.

Mortimer Del. When lady Honoria talks aside, I always suspect some mischief.

Lady Hon. No, no, I was only congratulating Mrs. Mortimer about her marriage. Tho really, upon second thoughts, I don't know but I ought to condole with her, for I have long been convinced she has a prodigious antipathy to you. I saw it the whole time I was at Delvill Castle, where she used to change color at the very sound of your name; a symptom I never perceived when I talked to her of Lord Derford, who would certainly have made her a thousand times better husband.

Del. If you mean on account of his title, lady Honoria, your ladyship must be strangely forgetful of the connexions of your family; for Mortimer after the death of

his uncle, and myself, must inevitably inherit a title far more honorable, than any which can be offered by a new sprung up family, like my Lord Ernolf's.

Lady Hon. Yes, sir ; but then you know she would have kept her estate, which would have been a vastly better thing than an old pedigree of new relations. Besides, I don't find that any body cares for the noble blood of the Delvill's but themselves ; and if she had kept her fortune, every body, I fancy, would have cared for *that*.

Del. Every body, then, must be highly mercenary and ignoble, or the blood of an ancient and honorable house would be thought contaminated by the most distant hint of so degrading a comparison.

Lady Hon. Dear Sir, what should we all do with *birth*, if it was not for *wealth ?* It would neither take us to Ranelagh nor the Opera ; nor buy us caps nor wigs, nor supply us with dinners nor boquets.

Del. Caps and wigs, dinners and boquets ! Your Ladyship's estimate of wealth is extremely minute indeed !

Lady Hon. Why you know, Sir, as to caps and wigs, they are very serious things, for we should look mighty droll figures to go about bareheaded ; and as to dinners, how would the Delvill's have lasted all these thousand centuries, if they had disdained eating them ?

Del. Whatever may be your Ladyship's satisfaction in deprecating a house that has the honor of being nearly allied to your own, you will not, I hope, at least instruct this lady [*turning to Cecilia*] to imbibe a similar contempt of its antiquity and dignity.

Mor. Del. This lady, by becoming one of it, will at least secure us from the danger that such contempt will spread further.

Cec. Let me be only as secure from *exciting*, as I am from *feeling* contempt, and I can wish no more.

Dr. Lys. Good and excellent young lady ; the first of blessings indeed is yours in the temperance of your own mind. When you began your career in life, you appeared to us short sighted mortals, to possess more than *your* share of good things. Such a union of riches, beauty, independence, talents, education, virtue, seemed a monopoly to raise general envy and discontent ; but mark with what exactness the good and the bad is ever balanced !— You have had a thousand sorrows to which those who

looked up to you, have been total strangers, and which balance all your advantages for happiness. There is a leveling principle in the world, at war with pre-eminence, which finally puts us all upon a footing.

Del. Not quite; I think an ancient and respectable family—

Lady Hon. With an handsome income and high life, gives one a mighty chance for happiness. Don't you think so, Mortimer?

Mor. Del. I do, indeed; but add, a connexion with an amiable woman, and I think the chances for happiness are more than doubled.

Dr. Lys. Right, Mortimer; we are well agreed.

ADDITIONAL LESSONS.

Directions how to spend our Time.

1. WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are particular to his writings.

2. I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Tho' we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire. Thus, altho' the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious.

3. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed.—The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time.

4. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence

all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives, that it should run much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down it.

5. If we may divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not, however, include in this calculation, the life of those only who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those also who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follows:

6. The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. The particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives.

7. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced, which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

8. There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours, in which we are altogether left to ourselves and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being.

9. The man who lives under an habitual sense of th divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness o temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction o thinking himself in company with his dearest and best

friends. The time never lies heavy upon him ; it is impossible for him to be alone.

10. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most inactive ; he no sooner steps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him ; or on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

11. I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do ; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its color from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

12. When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him, if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage ? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervor nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

13. The next method, therefore, that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversion. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them.

14. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine ; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense, passing away a dozen hours together, in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots, ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short ?

15. But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably, as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is, indeed, no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the

enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, sooths and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

16. Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavor after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

17. There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavor to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

18. A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

Of Cheerfulness.

1. I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

2. Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

3. Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among christians.

4. If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those who converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul; his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

5. If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

6. When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

7. There are but two things, which in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that

evenness and tranquility of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

8. Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of his cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought.

9. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen and cavil; it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

10. The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretense to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavor after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humor and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

11. After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind.—Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils.

12. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with independence, and with cheerfulness, of heart: the tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbor.

13. A man who uses his best endeavors to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of hi-own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a depends ence.

14. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which after millions of ages will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvcable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness?

15. The conciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

16. The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is, its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom though we behold him as yet in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagin as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded by an immensity of love and mercy.

17. In short, we depend upon a being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

18. Such considerations which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually opposes us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we are made to please.

ON CLEANLINESS.

Spectator, No. 631.

1. I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers, a dirty beau, and a pretty young Quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention.

2. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat; his perywig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his sholders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered.

3. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-colored stuff in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases, all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

4. This adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon *cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the half virtues, as Aristotle calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads: As it is a mark of politeness; as it produceth love; and as it bears analogy to the purity of the mind.

5. First it is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are

much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female *Hotentot* with an *English* beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

6. In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty, indeed, most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

7. I might observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. By these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

8. We find, from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighborhood of good examples, fly from the first appearance of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them; so that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

9. In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion; the Jewish law (and the Mahometan, which in some things, copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Tho' there is the above named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies

the chief intention, undoubtedly, was to tipify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings.

10. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth, and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherways could not have been habitable for so many years.

11. I shall conclude this essay with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mahometan superstition. A Dervise of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca. The Dervise approached it to beg a blessing, but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amasement increased upon him, till he recollected, that through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

DIALOGUES.

Scene between GEN. SAVAGE *and* MISS WALSINGHAM; *in which the courtship is carried on in such an ambiguous manner, that the General mistakes her consent to marry his son* CAPT. SAVAGE, *for consent to marry himself.*

Miss Wal. GENERAL SAVAGE, your most humble servant.

Gen. Sav. My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

Miss Wal. I can't but think myself in the best company when I have the honor of your conversation, General.

Gen. You flatter me too much Madam; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair; an affair of importance to me and yourself. Have you leisure to favor me with a short audience, if I beat a parley?

Miss Wal. Any thing of importance to you, Sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure.

'Tis as the Captain suspected—[*aside.*

Gen. You tremble my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for tho my business is of an important nature, I hope it will not be of a disagreeable one.

Miss Wal. And yet I am greatly agitated—[*aside.*

Gen. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favored by the kind protection of the ladies.

Miss Wal. The ladies are not without gratitude, Sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. Generously said, Madam. Then give me leave without any masked battery, to ask if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize worthy your acceptance?

Miss Wal. Upon my word, Sir, there is no masked battery in this question.

Gen. I am as fond of a coup-de-main, Madam, in love as in war, and hate the tedious method of sapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering it sword in hand.

Miss Wal. Why really, Sir, a woman may as well know her own mind when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

Gen. And a very great compliment I consider it, Madam. But now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which every body admires you so much: Have you any objections to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss Wal. Why then, frankly, General, I say, no.

Gen. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Miss Wal. I hope you wont think it a forward one.

Gen. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle—I'd sooner think Lord Russell was bribed by Lewis XIV; and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sidney.

Miss Wal. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father!—[*aside.*

Gen. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name. I have but one question more to ask.

Miss Wal. Pray propose it, Sir.

Gen. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? speak frankly again, my dear girl.

Miss Wal. Why, then again, I frankly say, no.

Gen. You are too good to me. Torrington thought I should meet with a repulse.—[*aside.*

Miss Wal. Have you communicated this business to the Captain, Sir?

Gen. No, my dear madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss Wal. What, whether I will or not?

Gen. O, you can have no objections!

Miss Wal. I must be consulted, however, about the day, General; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. Obliging loveliness!

Miss Wal. You may imagine, that if I had not been previously imprest in favor of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

Gen. Then you own I had a previous friend in the garrison.

Miss Wal. I don't blush to acknowledge it, Sir, when I consider the accomplishments of the object.

Gen. O, this is too much, madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss Wal. Don't say that, General, I beg of you; for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom who could behold him with indifference.

Gen. Ah, you flattering angel! and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a pre-possession on your part, which encouraged me to hope for a favorable reception.

Miss Wal. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I labored to conceal that pre-possession as much as possible.

Gen. You could not conceal it from me; the female heart is a field I am thoroughly acquainted with.

Miss Wal. I doubt not your knowledge of the female heart, General: but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

Gen. One word, my dear creature, and no more: I shall wait on you some time to-day about the necessary settlement.

Miss Wal. You must do as you please, General; you are invincible in every thing.

Gen. And if you please, we will keep every thing a profound secret, till the articles are all settled, and the definitive treaty ready for execution.

Miss Wal. You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, Sir.

Gen. Then you leave every thing to my management.

Miss Wal. I can't trust a more noble negotiator.

[*goes out.*

Gen. The day is my own, *(sings)* Britons strike home ! strike home !

Scene between Gen. SAVAGE, *Capt.* SAVAGE, *Miss* WALSINGHAM, *and* TORRINGTON, *a lawyer ; in which the General discovers his mistake.*

Capt. Sav. NAY, but my dearest Miss Walsingham, the extenuation of my conduct to Belville, made it absolutely necessary for me to discover my engagements with you ; and as happiness is now so fortunately in our reach, I flatter myself that you will be prevailed upon to forgive an error which proceeded only from extravagance of love.

Miss Wal. To think me capable of such an action, Captain Savage ! I am terrified at the idea of an union with you ; and it is better for a woman at any time, to sacrifice an insolent lover, than to accept of a suspicious husband.

Capt. In the happiest union, my dearest creature, there must always be something to overlook on both sides.

Miss Wal. Very civil, truly.

Capt. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness ; and recollect, that if the lover has, through misconception, been unhappily guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed to your hands.

Miss Wal. Well, I see I must forgive you at last ; so I may as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature.

Capt. And may I indeed hope for the blessing of this hand ?

Miss Wal. Why you wretch, would you have me force it upon you ? I think, after what I have said, a soldier might venure to take it without further ceremony.

Capt. Angelic creature ! thus I seize it as my law prize.

Miss Wal. Well, but now you have obtained this inestimable prize, Captain, give me leave again to ask if you have had a certain explanation with the General ?

Capt. How can you doubt it ?

Miss Wal. And is he really impatient for our marriage?

Capt. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

Miss Wal. What! did he tell you of his interview with me this evening, when he brought Mr. Torrington?

Capt. He did.

Miss Wal. O, then I can have no doubt.

Capt. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes to remove it. Joy, my dear Sir, joy a thousand times!

[*Enter General Savage and Torrington.*]

Gen. What, my dear boy have you carried the day?

Miss Wal. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a victory, indeed, General.

Gen. Fortune favors the brave, Torrington.

Tor. I congratulate you heartily on this decree, General.

Gen. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but the stars have fortunately turned it in my favor, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory.

Capt. And here I take her from you as the greatest good which heaven can send me.

Miss Wal. O captain!

Gen. You take her as the greatest good which heaven can send you, Sirrah! *I* take her as the greatest good which heaven can send *me*; and now what have you to say to her?

Miss Wal. General Savage!

Tor. Here will be a fresh injunction to stop proceedings.

Miss Wal. Are we never to have done with mistakes?

Gen. What mistakes can have happened now, sweetest, you delivered up your dear hand this moment.

Miss Wal. True, Sir; but I thought you were going to bestow my dear hand upon this dear gentleman.

Gen. How! that dear gentleman?

Capt. I am thunderstruck!

Tor. Fortune favors the brave, General, none but the brave—[*Laughingly.*

Gen. So the covert way is cleared at last; and you have all along imagined that I was negotiating for this fellow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself.

Miss Wal. No other idea, Sir, ever entered my imagination.

Tor. General, noble minds should never despair.

[*Laughin*

Gen. Well, my hopes are all blown up to the mo-- once, and I shall be the laughing stock of the whole to

Scene between Mrs. Belville, Miss Walsingham, and Lady Rachel Mildew.—On Duelling.

Mrs. Belv. [*alone.*] WHERE is the generosity, where is the sense, where is the shame of men, to find pleasure in pursuits which they cannot remember without the deepest horror; which they cannot follow without the meanest fraud; and which they cannot effect without consequences the most dreadful? The greatest triumph which a libertine can ever experience, is too despicable to be envied; 'tis at best nothing but a victory over humanity; and if he is a husband, he must be doubly tortured on the wheel of recollection.

[*Enter Miss Walsingham, and Lady Rachel Mildew.*]

Miss Wal. My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to see you so distressed.

Lady Rach. Now I am extremely glad to see her so;—for if she were not greatly distressed, it would be monstrously unnatural.

Mrs. Bel. O Matilda! my husband! my children!

Miss Wal. Don't weep, my dear, don't weep! pray be comforted, all may end happily. Lady Rachel, beg of her not to cry so.

Lady Rach. Why, you are crying yourself, Miss Walsingham. And though I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I cannot help keeping you company.

Mrs. Bel. O, why is not some effectual method contrived to prevent this horrible practice of duelling.

Lady Rach. I'll expose it on the stage, since the law now a-days kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theatre.

Miss Wal. And yet if the laws against it were as well enforced, as the laws against destroying the game, perhaps it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

Mrs. Bel. No law will ever be effectual till the custom is rendered infamous. Wives must shriek! Mothers must agonize! orphans must be multiplied! unless some blessed hand strip the fascinating glare from honorable murder, and bravely expose the idol who is worshipped thus in blood. While it is disreputable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation. But if the duellist is once banished from the presence of his sovereign; if he is for life excluded the confidence of his country; if a mark of indelible disgrace is stamped upon him, the sword

He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomp and pleasure which his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues;
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running streams he slacks his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues the wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance, and what from choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings?
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious;
Nor would his slaughtered army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigured by their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh;
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.
Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What would'st thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orpha-
By such a loss,

Syph. Ay, there's the tye that binds you !
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart, unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate ;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large ! but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas, he's dead ! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell ?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing, cried—
" Prithee be careful of my son !"—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas, the story melts away my soul !
The best of fathers ! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him ?
Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions.
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms ;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Syph. Alas, my prince, I'll guide you to your safety.
Jub. I do believe thou would'st, but tell me how ?
Syph. Fly from the fate of Cæsar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Syph. And therefore died.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.
Syph. Rather say your love.
Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper :
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled and would fain conceal ?
Syph. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it ; or a second mistress
Light up another flame and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms:
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and color in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of the skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon his sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (O how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks.
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace,
Soften the rigor of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!

Wolsey and Cromwell,

Wol. FAREWEL, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and, now, has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you;
I feel my heart now opened. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to rise again. *Enter Cromwell.*
Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have not power to speak, Sir.
Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel, within me,
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me;
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor;
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have; I'm able now methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far,
Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on him!
What more?
Crom. That Crammer is returned with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as the Queen,
Going to Chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down; O Cromwell.
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have lost forever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Go, Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thy own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord;
The king shall have my service: But, my prayers,
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where mention
Of me must no more be heard, say then, I taught thee:
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that which ruin'd me;
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then
(Tho the image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait thee!
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. Serve the king—
And prithee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n is all
I dare to call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal,
I serv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

The Quarrel of BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardinians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.
Bru. But let me tell you Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or be assured that speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March; the ides of March remember;
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with these bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I would rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more. I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is it possible?
Bru. Hear me for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay more. Fret till your proud heart breaks.
Go tell your servants how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? Be assured,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For my own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an older soldier, not a better;
Did I say a better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I do what I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done what you shall be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,
By an indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That bro't my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not tho they do
Appear as huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Which, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And strait is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus—
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus !
Bru. What's the matter ?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Bevil and Myrtle.

Bev. SIR, I am extremely obliged to you for this honor.
Myr. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances, which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony or conference, to desire that you will comply with the request in my letter, of which you have already acknowledged the receipt.

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But as I am conscious of the integrity of my behavior with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter shall be your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face.—You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forget the contents of your epistle.

Myr. Your cool behavior, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see your moderation tends to your own advantage, not mine ; to your own safety, not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

Bev. My own safety ! Mr. Myrtle.

Myr. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer that

I understand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as——

[*Turns away abruptly.*] *Bev.* As what?

Myr. As fear of answering them.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of answering any injury I have done you; because I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent person, even of your own choosing. But I own I am afraid of doing a wicked action; I mean of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle. But I own I am afraid of him who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions and with other designs, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash, inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing whether he is injured or not. No, I will not for you or any man's humor commit a known crime; a crime which I cannot repair, or which may in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one means towards recovering her, I mean by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Show me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorised to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how or why. I defy you to show wherein I have wronged you.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and om your large fortune, and your specious outward carage, have it in your power to come, without any trouble r anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honor; you

know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy; your marriage goes on like common business; and in the interim, you have your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man, and the defence of spotless innocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—gentlemen—you are friends—I am but a servant—but—

Bev. Call a coach. [*Exit servant.*]

[*A long pause—they walk sullenly about the room.*]

[*Aside.*] Shall I (though provoked beyond sufferance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience; for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine? [*To Mr. Myrtle*] I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing, than of rivalling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter, and consider what effect it would have had upon you, to have found it about the man you had murdered.

[*Myrtle reads*] "I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining what has been proposed, of a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring that the refusal might come from me, is more engaging than the Smithfield courtship of him whose arms I am in danger of being thrown into, unless your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness." O, I want no more, to clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend—I see her dear name at the bottom.—I see that you have been far enough from designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words shall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myr. But can you—forgive—such madness?

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myr. That I should be such a precipitate wretch!

Bev. Prithee no more.

Myr. How many friends have died by the hands of friends, merely for want of temper! what do I not owe to your superiority of understanding! what a precipice have I escaped! O my friend! can you ever—forgive—can you ever again look upon me——with an eye of favor?

Bev. Why should I not? Any man may mistake.—Any man may be violent where his love is concerned. I was myself.

Myr. O Bevil! You are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

PROLOGUE.

AS when some peasant who to treat his lord,
Brings out his little stock and decks his board
With what his ill-store'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast, prepares;
So we, with tremor, mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to night;
And conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
Should your applause a confidence impart,
To calm the fears that press the timid heart,
Some hope I cherish—in your smiles I read 'em—
Whate'er our faults, your candor can exceed 'em.

The WORLD *compared to a* STAGE.

ALL the world 's a stage;
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time, plays many parts;
acts being seven ages:—At first, the infant,
wling and puking in the nurse's arms.—
d then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
' shining morning face, creeping like snail,

...willingly to school.—And then the lover,
S...hing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
M...de to his mistress' eye-brow.—Then, a soldier,
...ll of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
J...dous in honor; sudden and quick in quarrel;
Se...king the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth.—And then the justice
In fair round body, with good capon lined—
W...ith eyes severe and beard of formal cut!
...ull of wise laws and modern instances;
...d so he plays his part.—The sixth age shifts
...o the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
...ith spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
...s youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
...r his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
...rning again towards childish treble, pipes
...nd whistles in his sound.—Last scene of all,
...hat ends this strange eventful history,
...second childishness, and mere oblivion;
...ns teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.

COLUMBUS was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the Court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new continent, which he imagined existed somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiation, he is supposed to have addressed king FERDINAND *in the following stanzas:—*

ILLUSTRIOUS Monarch of Iberia's soil,
Too long I wait permission to depart:
Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.
While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main;
Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.
Of this huge globe how small a part we know—
Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?
How disproportioned to the mighty deep,
The lands that yet in human prospect lie!
Does Cynthia, when to western skies arriv'd,
S... her sweet beam upon the barren main,
A... ne'er allume with midnight splendor, she,
T... native dancing on the lightsome green?
S... 'd the vast circuit of the world contain

...istes of ocean, and such scanty land ?
...son's voice that bids me think not so ;
... more nobly of th' Almighty hand.
... fair lamp trace half the circle round
... : the waves and monsters of the seas ?
... there must beyond the billowy waste,
... and men, and animals, and trees.
... mitting flame my breast inspires
... new land amidst the barren waves,
... falling low, the source of day descends,
... blue sea his evening visage laves.
... this tragic lay, Cordova's sage ;*
... ne shall come, when numerous years are past,
... an shall dissolve the band of things,
... extended region rise at last ;
... this shall disclose the mighty land,
... away, where none have roved before ;
... ll the world's remotest regions be
... r's rock, or Thule's savage shore."
... the theme I languish to depart.
... the bark, and bid Columbus sail ;
... s no storms upon th' untravell'd deep ;
... shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.
Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,
Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
And skies above, and gulphy seas below
Be the sole object seen for many a day.
Think not that nature has unveill'd in vain
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye,
So late have we the guided needle plann'd
Only to ... beneath our native sky ?
Ere this was found the ruling power of all,
Found for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.
Short was the course, and guided by the stars ;
But stars no more shall point our daring way ;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drown'd,
And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea.
When southward we shall steer—O grant my wish,
Supply the bark, and bid Columbus sail ;
He dreads no tempest on the untravell'd deep,
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

* Seneca, the poet, native of Cordova, in Spain.

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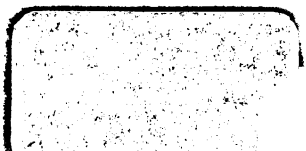
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